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CATALOGUE
OF
PAINTINGS
— BY —
VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN
INCLUDING
THE CAMPAIGN OF NAPOLEON I.
IN RUSSIA
AND
THE BATTLE OF SAN JUAN HILL
ON EXHIBITION IN THE
ASTOR GALLERY
OF THE
WALDORF-ASTORIA

FROM FRIDAY, NOV. 14th, TO WEDNESDAY, NOV. 26th.

THE ALEXANDER PRESS,
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AT

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ON THE EVENING OF

Wednesday, November 26th,

IN THE

GALLERY OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA

JOHN FELL O'BRIEN, AUCTIONEER.

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JOHN FELL O'BRIEN, Auctioneer.

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JULIUS OEHME,	-	-	-	384 FIFTH AVENUE
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WM. CLAUSSEN,	-	-	-	381 FIFTH AVENUE
PRINZ BROS.,	-	-	-	541 FIFTH AVENUE
C. W. KRAUSHARR,	-	-	-	260 FIFTH AVENUE

APPRECIATION

VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN is, like all the great masters of the art of painting, a man of ideals. He has been a deep observer of the world as it is; traveling over the globe, sketchbook in hand, noting on the spot what he saw and after choosing the most dramatic view-point so putting it on canvass as to make it live for all time.

He has not been a very prolific painter and although the majority of his large pictures were painted with the idea of portraying war, in all its gruesomeness, it must not be understood that all his work is in that line. His delineations of national types are startlingly true, and his landscapes have been acclaimed by the most advanced impressionists as illustrating the best achievements of that school.

A recent appreciation of him by M. Jules Claretie, Member of the French Academy, and Director of the Comédie Française, a recognized critic of authority, and lends interest to the invitation to American criticism made in this exhibition of the Russian artist's latest works.

COMÉDIE FRANÇAISE
Administrator General.

VIROFLAY (Seine & Oise),
Aug. 9, 1902.

John Fell O'Brien, Esq.

Dear Sir:—

I am very happy to learn that my friend, Mr. Verestchagin, is going to exhibit his pictures at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York. It will be there, as it was in Paris and elsewhere, an important artistic event. Mr. Verestchagin is, in his rendering, a painter who resembles no other. He is an artist who not only makes you see, but think. Had I had the honor of being one of the jury of the Nobel Award, I would not have hesitated, in the name of humanity, to crown him, as M. Duinent, the initiator of the Conference of Geneva, was crowned, as was also M. Sully-Prudhomme, my collegiate of the Academy.

The war pictures of Verestchagin have a thrilling effect on one. After painting War with all its splendor, he denounces it with his brush as a philosopher, or, rather, he does not denounce it, he shows it such as it is, and that glory is also another name for Butchery.

My opinion of Verestchagin's art is in accord with that of Alexandre Dumas Fils, and Meissonier; (while we were standing before a splendid canvas by Verestchagin, representing the Kremlin), and Meissonier was dwelling upon the precision and truthfulness of the Russian painter, and praising his views of India, his battle fields and his treatment of snow, and also his treatment of sunshine, then Alexandre Dumas Fils quoted Victor Hugo, as having written that "Charles Beaudelaire has brought to French poetry a new emotion," and it might be said of Verestchagin, that he has done the same for the art of painting.

I remember my impression when I first saw, in London, Verestchagin's paintings of the Turkestan War, nothing could have struck me more forcibly—it was picturesque and poignant. M. Dumas Fils, had he told me the same sensations while gazing on the scenes of the Russian War, which were, in his opinion, works of art, of tragic truth, which could only be compared to certain pages of Tolstoi.

My friend, M. Gérôme, the eminent painter, who is the most sincere of men, and hard to suit, can tell you that he has for Verestchagin the same admiration which Dumas Fils and Meissonier had for him; in fact, one can have no other opinion, this talent, both vigorous and determined, imposes itself on every one, as the independent character of the artist forces sympathy on those who have the pleasure of knowing him. Certainly, to know Verestchagin personally in the intimacy of his life, is to love him, and those who can thoroughly appreciate his work must admire his ideals .

Yours sincerely,

JULES CLARETIE.

APPRECIATION

HIS TRUE BIOGRAPHY

His work is his biography. He has lived every one of his pictures, and he has often had to study at almost the cost of his life. All that he represents he has seen; all that he relates with his pencil he has lived. These pictures are just so many chapters detached from his history. They are the work of an artist of an exceptional nature. But a few newspaper articles are not sufficient for the study of such a collection. It is worthy of a book written on the critical method of Sainte-Beuve, a book wherein the man would occupy a place at least as considerable as the work itself; for the one and the other are inseparable. — EMILE CARDON. — *Soleil*, Paris.

DEDICATED TO THE CONQUERORS

He is the first Russian painter who has given his countrymen a true impression of war — something besides those official pictures where victory is displayed and never defeat. Even when he paints victory he never separates it from its sadness, its ruin, its misery, its mourning beyond relief. I seem to have always before my eyes, as in a dream, that pyramid of piled-up skulls which he met with somewhere in his wanderings, and of which he has made one of his most striking pictures. He wrote underneath it, "Dedicated to the Conquerors." — *Gaulois*, Paris.

ESSENTIALLY HUMAN

When they gave Verestchagin the surname of the Horace Vernet of Russia, no doubt they thought that they were saying something in his praise; but he certainly had a right to feel calumniated, for the general impression left by his work is not admiration for princes nor glorification of war. In telling the truth feelingly about the sufferings of the soldier, without distinction of nationality, with as much pity for the vanquished as for the victors, Verestchagin has shown himself essen-

APPRECIATION

tially human. His pictures, with their poignant reality and elevated philosophy, are at the same time a terrible satire on ambitious despots. Verestchagin is a courtier of nothing but misfortune. A pupil of Gérôme, he seems to have traveled very much in search of himself. Sometimes he has drawn near to Meissonier, then there is something in him of Géricault and of Courbet, and again he is a true Impressionist in the best acceptation of the term. — *L'Art*, Paris.

To look at his studies you would think you were before some Asiatic Van der Heyden. But your emotion itself is forgotten under the implacable and learned exactitude of the rendering. At another time it is a sketch, a mere rough note of an idea which is the all-in-all, and then we are far enough from that Dutchman, but nearer Rembrandt, and sometimes we are in the very midst of the Impressionist school. — *Constitutional*, Paris.

ESSENTIALLY MODERN

We poor moderns, with our unmodern art, have sometimes moments of artistic anguish in which we feel sensible of all our faults and short-comings. The century has for eighty years of its course been looking for rest without finding it, but at length its efforts to put its artistic house in order seems likely to have some result. The realism of life streams with a full tide in every vein of our being, and the very beating of our pulses seems to speak a language not to be misunderstood. No man has ever painted like Verestchagin. He is essentially new — modern, in the profoundest sense of the word. He is of our century, however Russian in manner and subject. No earlier period could have produced him. The cut-and-dried artistic rules and receipts are worth nothing in his case. The painter emancipates himself from them, and his right to do so is proved by the fact that the spectator forgets them too the moment he sees the pictures. "There is always something new from

APPRECIATION

Africa," was a saying of the Romans; we might paraphrase it in regard to Russia, and ask ourselves what surprises of culture may not yet be in store for us in Siberia. Verestchagin has gone to school in the very home of color. He has learned to see it on the Ganges, the Nile, and in the Steppes of Turkestan. His technical skill is astonishing, and it is shown especially in his handling of snow. The fight against winter is a theme which supplies him with a thousand motives for pictures. The sunlight out of doors and the chiaroscuro of indoor effects are equally familiar to him. Very striking too is his representation of great stretches of flat country which he knows how to vary by the finest modulations in tone. — *Fremdenblatt*, Vienna.



INTRODUCTORY ESSAY ON THE CAMPAIGN OF NAPOLEON I. IN RUSSIA

The study of the life and deeds of a mighty power of his time, like Napoleon the First, is of great interest — I mean a comprehensive study, excluding all inclination toward the legendary. The legends that are always confused with the acts of a great man, and above all, a warrior, are so closely linked with his memory that it is difficult to discern in the course of events the truth and fiction. The more brilliant his career and the more extraordinary his actions, the more the legend resembles the truth.

The twenty years of Napoleon's career present a series of events beyond conception, and give often to ordinary actions the appearance of providential happenings.

It is true that in 1812 the emperor began a struggle at the same time with men, climate, and indeed the world, and necessarily succumbed to the work. But his image is none the less dramatic, and it is certain that I do not wish to lower Napoleon or his genius in painting the great captain in several difficult positions of his life at the culminating point in a career unique in history.

In addition to the explanations that I shall give of my pictures, I have gathered together in another volume some notes to which I wish to call attention. I have grouped together many characteristic extracts taken from contemporary memoirs or from testimony of witnesses about the sojourn of Napoleon in Russia in 1812, and have retained as much as possible of the simplicity and originality of these accounts.

It is possible in reading these pages one should say, "but the French did nothing but massacre, shoot and pillage." This is because they went there for that pur-

pose, but there is one reservation to make; under the title of "the French in 1812," is understood in Russia the mass of soldiers that came from the four corners of Europe to form the *Grande Armée*. As to the French (properly so-called), I can say that the Russian literature agrees in showing them, although shooting without mercy, somewhat more generous than their allies, especially the Suabians, Wurtembergers and Bavarians, of whom the record is inexplicable. The Poles also were very cruel, but they were settling an old score with the Russians.

Napoleon undoubtedly dominated the history of the century, and the war of 1812 remains the event the most dramatic of this history. The immensity of the project, the rapidity of the course of events and the importance of the consequences irresistibly attract the attention of the artist, the politician, the philosopher, and the soldier.

Among the events destined to throw light on the reasons of the enterprises directed by Napoleon against Russia, I should designate, first: the petition sent in the year 1789 by Bonaparte, when First Lieutenant, to the Russian General Zaborovsky, begging to be taken into the service of the Czarina, Catherine the Second. The petition was refused, as the petitioner wished to be admitted with the rank of Major. It is interesting to learn that Zaborovsky never forgave himself for this refusal. In the year 1812 the old General, who had left the service and lived in retirement in Moscow, could not forget that he had rejected Bonaparte, and in so doing had indirectly been the cause of the misfortunes and devastations which had overwhelmed Russia. When the emperor, Alexander First, arrived in Moscow for his coronation, he questioned the General repeatedly as to this event. Count Rostopschin avers that he had in his hand the letter containing Bonaparte's request. The second fact of importance was the proposed marriage of Napoleon to one of the sisters of Emperor Alexander, a scheme which was frustrated by the intense dislike of the mother of the young princess to the imperial suitor. It would

indeed be unjust to ascribe the wounded vanity of the lieutenant and of the emperor as the sole cause of the constant hatred of Napoleon toward Russia; on the other hand, when we consider both his character and his temperament, these facts must not be overlooked.

In the campaign of 1812 Napoleon proved himself so full of ideas and contradictory resolutions, drew up so many impracticable plans, and conceived so many foolhardy combinations, that it is impossible to explain all this on the theory of his desire to avenge himself for the pretended offense inflicted on France and all the civilized nations by the Russian people, or to justify his persistent animosity unless one takes into account that his vanity was mortally wounded.

In spite of all his genius the emperor was not infallible. After his second marriage and during the empire, Napoleon appears to have lost all perspicacity. Impatience carries him away and his usual method of striking in rapid successive blows carries him of necessity to destruction.

Leaving aside the first and remote attempt to enter into good relations with Russia (by admission into the Russian service), and considering on the other hand the second rebuff as the immediate cause of the dénouement, I wish to remark that neither the Russian society nor Emperor Alexander himself had intended to hold France at a distance or had fostered against its chief any unbridled hate.

It was first the Princess Catherine, after Tilsit, that Napoleon thought to make an Empress, but as soon as his intentions became apparent and before any official measures could be taken, a marriage was hurriedly arranged between the young princess and the Duke of Oldenbourg.

The Emperor, however, did not allow himself to be discouraged, and secretly, but with due observance to all etiquette, requested the hand of the Princess Anna. The Czar would have accepted the conqueror as the husband

of his sister, but the dowager Empress would not even listen to such an alliance. After successive delays to his demands Napoleon recognized that it was intentional, and without waiting for the official refusal, dated the 4th of February, he held a family council on the 6th of February, at the end of which he married the Archduchess of Austria. On her side the dowager Empress Marie, not contented with the rebuff given Napoleon before all Europe, added to the insult by bestowing the hand of her daughter on a petty German prince. The offense of the intention was but too evident. Napoleon, beside himself with anger, drove the Duke of Oldenbourg out of his own domains, and after threatening the whole of Alexander's German relations with the same fate, began elaborate preparations for war.

I do not wish to go into an explanation of the reasons given, and eloquent and pathetic phrases which Napoleon pronounced to justify a war which he wished to undertake, and which he declared to be that of the civilized world against the savage. Europe fully recognized the power of France and the greatness of its ruler, and conscious of its own ability to oppose his decisions was only ready to accept every revelation of this incorporate Providence.

It is possible that Napoleon wished at first to inspire his adversary with fear by the magnitude of his preparations for war, and to compel him publicly to humiliate himself before the whole of Europe, but when Alexander in full view of this same Europe began to organize for resistance, the emperor of the French had to "drink up the uncorked wine."

Here begins one of the most instructive and tragic pages in modern history. Recognized by the entire world as a superior intellect, a great military genius, Napoleon could not stop on the verge, and in spite of his own wishes, expressed many times, to stop in time, and not, like Charles the XII., to penetrate into the heart of Russia, in spite of his comprehensive vision, he

INTRODUCTION

let himself be dragged into the heart of the immense country where the *Grande Armée* was soon to become engulfed in the snow. Fatigued by difficult marches sometimes under a burning sun and sometimes under excessive cold, the military spirit was lost, and the huge territory traversed but not conquered. Misled by the tactics of the enemy, who surpassed him in endurance and tenacity, the Emperor marches onward, strewing his path with corpses. He hardly arrived at Vitebsk before he declared the campaign at an end. "Here I shall halt," he said, "look about me, collect my forces, let my army rest, and find a new Poland. Two mighty rivers mark out the limits of our position. We will build block-houses, form a square with our artillery, construct barracks and store up provisions. In 1813 we shall be in Moscow; in 1814 at St. Petersburg. A war with Russia is a war of three years."

There is reason to believe that had Napoleon remained in Lithuania, the good natured and pacific character of Alexander would have led this monarch to have brought about peace. But Napoleon lost patience, abandoned Witebsk and pressed forward. However, he decided not to pass Smolensk, the key to the two roads to Moscow and St. Petersburg, roads which he must control in order to be able to continue his march in the springtime on the two capitals.

At Smolensk he counted on resting and establishing himself and putting everything in order, and if Russia refused to submit, *that would be the end of her*. But Smolensk was abandoned in its turn. Napoleon became impatient again and pressed forward once more.

It was at Moscow that this gigantic enterprise was crushed. Those who participated began to murmur, and those who conducted it began to lose their heads. At Moscow he humiliated himself before Alexander: he let him understand, as if on purpose, the difficulty of his position. By the first-comer he sent message upon message; he overwhelmed the Czar with amiable words.

INTRODUCTION

He assured him of his friendship and his brotherly devotion, and without waiting a response to his letters he sent his generals. He wished to make peace; "I must have peace," said he to Lauriston, in sending him to find Kutusoff. "Peace at any price save only honor." Nevertheless, as General, he permitted pillage, while as Emperor he became irritated by being unable to stop it. He wished to march upon St. Petersburg at the beginning of winter, and as if to mock the chiefs of his army, he ordered the purchase of twenty thousand horses and great quantities of forage in a country already completely ruined.

Then came retreat with intentional delays to preserve booty. The Russians took the outposts and barred the passage to Malo-Iaroslavetz. The division of the army into independent columns permitted them to be fought one after the other; they were almost entirely destroyed. Systematic burning by the advance guard of the villages through which they passed, demoralized and ruined the rest of the army. In the end the license permitted the soldiers to profane the churches, to starve and put to death the prisoners, provoked the population which was irritated to horrible retaliations. Here and there, as at Krasnoïe, the emperor showed some gleams of genius, but they were only the manifestations of the great force of his soul, the last intermittent but powerful gleams of a star which was about to be extinguished.

VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN

CATALOGUE

— AND —

ORDER OF SALE

CATALOGUE

I

San Juan Hill

That part of the hill up which Roosevelt led the Rough Riders.

2

Corner of the Morro Castle at Santiago

Showing in the distance part of the naval battle and the blowing up of the Spanish ship Oquendo.

3

Principal Gate leading to Morro Castle, Havana

The U. S. troops passed through this gate.

4

U. S. Battery

Commanding the entrance of the Harbor of Santiago de Cuba.

5

Far from Home

H. $30\frac{1}{4}$ in., W. $16\frac{3}{4}$ in.

A typical American soldier in the American army of occupation of the Philippines.

**General MacArthur and his Staff at the Battle of
Caloocan, Feb. 10, 1899**

H. 48 in., W. 29 in.

Fought a few days later than the battle of Santa Ana. The troops engaged were the 1st Brigade, 2nd Division, 8th Army Corps, and part of the 2nd Brigade of the same Division. The troops were commanded by Gen. Arthur MacArthur in person, and consisted of the 10th Kansas Regiment, U. S. Volunteers, a Light Battery of the 6th U. S. Artillery, 2 Batteries, Utah Light Artillery, 1st Montana Regiment, U. S. Volunteers, 10th Pennsylvania Regiment, U. S. Volunteers, the 3rd Artillery, 1st Colorado Volunteers and the 1st Nebraska Volunteers. The position occupied by the Headquarters of Gen. MacArthur was on top of a row of tombs in the cemetery of La Loma Church near Manila. The battle was fought for the possession of the town of Caloocan. Col. Frost occupied this entrenched cemetery with his regiment. The forward movement began about 3 P. M. and continued until dark. The movement began by throwing forward part of the 3rd Artillery and 10th Pennsylvania Volunteers well to the right for a demonstration; the whole line then moved forward and swinging gradually to the left carried the earth works constructed by the insurgents, on the south of Caloocan as well as all along the east side of Caloocan. Very strong intrenchments had been constructed over the railroad bed just north of Caloocan, where some artillery was used by the insurgents.

This was probably the most picturesque fight during the entire insurrection. From the point of view of the Commanding General at La Loma Church nearly all the troops could be seen during the entire movement. The 3rd Artillery, commanded by Major (now General) Kobbe, moved as if in extended order drill, never losing

the regularity of formation or control of their fire. As an incident of the battle to the observer, the following might be mentioned:

General Kobbe was riding his pony with the advanced line, when General Bell (then Major Bell), who had command of several companies of native scouts, appeared from the right, approached General Kobbe and in a heavy part of the fire chatted for some moments in the open, General Kobbe drew a cigar from his pocket, struck a match and lighted it and went on as if at ordinary drill.

The casualties on the American side of this fight were about 20 killed and some 40 wounded. The casualties on the side of the insurgents were about 200 killed and 400 wounded. — *Memoranda of Capt. Wm. G. Haan.*

7

Battle near Santa Ana, Manila

H. 50¼ in., W. 71¾ in.

Fought on the morning of February 5, 1899, between U. S. Troops and native insurgents of the Philippine Islands. The United States troops engaged were the 1st Brigade, 1st Division, 8th Army Corps, consisting of the 1st Washington Volunteers, the 2d Oregon Regiment of Volunteers, the 1st California Regiment of Volunteers, Company A, U. S. Engineers and the Wyoming Battalion U. S. Volunteers.

The fight began at daylight and lasted until 10.30 o'clock, A. M. The brigade was commanded by Gen. Charles King, U. S. Volunteers. The 1st Division was commanded by Major-General Thomas M. Anderson, U. S. Volunteers.

The movements of the battle of Santa Ana were generally directed by General Anderson around a point known as "Battery Knoll." (This is the point from which the artist took his observation.)

General Charles King was in immediate command of the line in front of Santa Ana.

The movement across the small creek near Battery Knoll began about 7:30 in the morning and advanced gradually to a point about half way to Santa Ana, where a considerable firing took place and little movement forward was made for nearly an hour. The right wing, under command of General (then Colonel) James F. Smith, 1st California Volunteers, was pushed well to the front towards San Pedro Macati and then swung into the left upon Santa Ana, forming a partial envelope. The movement was then gradually forward until the city of Santa Ana was taken at about 10:15 A. M.

The casualties on the American side consisted of 14 killed and about 60 wounded. The casualties on the side of the insurgents were never accurately known, but from the number that were buried the next day, it appeared that approximately 300 were killed and not less than five or six hundred wounded.

The strength of the troops in Santa Ana were composed of a division commanded by General Pio del Pilar, who however was not in immediate command. The line was immediately commanded by General Ricarte, who it is said disappeared to the rear early in the action.

The insurgent troops contested the ground very stubbornly for several hours. This was shown from the fact that in one trench about 50 yards long, 34 dead were found. Similar evidences were found in many places.

The two pieces of Artillery on Battery Knoll did excellent execution, both towards Santa Ana and towards the right in driving away parties having a flank fire on the Brigade moving on Santa Ana. — *Memoranda of Capt. Wm. G. Haan.*

8

A Deserter, examined by the Cavalry Officers of the Vanguard to discover whether he is a spy

H. 42 in., W. 51 in.

9

Battle at Zapote Bridge

This battle was fought between 2 P. M. and 3:30 P. M. June 13, 1899. General Lawton was in command. Captain Seay commanded the infantry and Lieutenant Kenly the artillery. The loss was not very great on the American side, about six killed and fifteen wounded. The most striking incident of the fight was the use of the mountain artillery, which was worked at the close range of 35 or 40 yards.

10

The Insurgent Spy

11

"You are hit, Sergeant?" "Yes, Sir"

H. $40\frac{1}{4}$ in., W. $29\frac{1}{4}$ in.

12

Battle of San Juan:

"COME IN BOYS!!"

Awaiting Peace

H. 23½ in., W. 29½ in.

Napoleon, who had always been remarkable for his extreme rapidity of thought and action, now lost courage and could determine on no direct course. He, who in the year 1805 had been able suddenly to abandon the Boulogne undertaking, begun with so much trouble and cost, in order to lead all his forces into the field with incredible rapidity against Austria; he, who a year later dictated, without the slightest mistake or miscalculation, all the movements of his army, as far as Berlin itself, who not only fixed beforehand upon the date of his entry into the Prussian capital, but even appointed the Governor — found himself, after the burning of Moscow, which destroyed all his hopes and plans, in a lamentable state of indecision. At one time he almost signed an order directing the army to hold itself in readiness to march against St. Petersburg, but he soon gave up this plan. He wished to attack Kutusoff, become master of Tula and Kaluga, the arsenal and storehouse of Russia, and thus make a new way for his winter quarters in Lithuania; but again he changed his mind. Finally, he thought of attacking Wittgenstein with all his forces, but could not determine upon this movement, as it might have borne the appearance of a retreat.

The idea of gaining possession of St. Petersburg and compelling the Emperor Alexander to come to terms was the most attractive to Napoleon. But as this could not possibly be carried out before the winter, he cast about for some other means of enforcing peace. Alexander had already received, or would within a few days receive, his amiable and friendly letter, dated from Moscow. Naturally, he thought, the Emperor would not fail to embrace this opportunity of entering into negotiations with him; and thus, full of torturing uncertainty, he waited and waited for his answer from the Russian Emperor.

14

Marshal Davout in the Monastery of Tchoudow

H. 48 in., W. 30½ in.

Davout had his headquarters in the new convent of the Virgins. When, however, he came in the exigencies of the service to the Kremlin, he stopped at Tchoudow Monastery, where the altar had been thrown out and his camp-bed put in its place. Two privates mounted guard on either side of the holy door.

15

Return from the Palace of Petrowsky

H. 34½ in., W. 54 in.

From the 5th to the 17th of September it rained heavily, which diminishes without suppressing altogether the conflagration, and when Napoleon returned from the Palace of Petrowsky to the Kremlin, the city not only was smoking still, but was in flames in some places. The camp of the French troops which surrounded the palace extended as far as the gate of Twer. The Generals occupied the factories. The cavalry camped on the avenues. In every direction great fires were lighted, fed by window frames, doors and all kinds of furniture. Around these burning piles, on wet straw, were grouped the officers and soldiers begrimed and black with smoke, sitting in arm chairs, or lying on sofas garnished with rich materials. They wrapped their feet up in costly furs and oriental shawls, and ate from silver plates a black soup of horse-flesh mixed with ashes. One could see in the city but the remains of houses, and everywhere a sickening odor of burning came from the ruins. In most of the streets it was difficult to effect a passage on account of the crumbling of the walls and the piles of household furniture and other articles.

The Emperor met everywhere bands of soldiers dragging their plunder with them or driving before them like

beasts of burden Russians who bent double under their loads. The men of the different corps, most of them drunk, refused to obey their officers and fought one another for their plunder. Napoleon, though accustomed to view with a calm curiosity the most frightful battle-fields, could not help being affected by this spectacle. Immediately upon his return he interested himself in the sad condition of the foreigners and especially the French, but for the tattered starving Russian who wandered here and there he had no more consideration than to establish a court-martial, which rid him of those he thought incendiaries, that is to say, of almost all those who dared to show themselves on that day.

"At one time," relates a citizen of Moscow, "I saw the people running towards a place where numerous French were going also. They were going to hang some so-called incendiaries that these brigand-soldiers had gathered in. Among them I recognized one; he was a servant from the house of Korsakoff; he was old and blind. Was it possible that he had been an incendiary! He had already one foot in the tomb. They took all those who fell into their hands and made of them incendiaries. When the rope was put around their neck they began to beg in a manner that drew tears from several among us, but the hands of the blackguards did not falter. They hanged some and shot others to make an example and to scare those that were looking on."

But after the arrival of Napoleon at the Kremlin the order to stop this pillage was given and repeated without success. "The Emperor," one may read in the reports, "saw with much sorrow that, in spite of his express commands, the pillage continued with the same violence." "From to-morrow, the 30th of September," says another order, "all soldiers who are arrested for pillaging will be judged with the greatest severity," but the orders of Napoleon were ineffectual. The looting continued, and the whole French army was soon no more than a horde overladen with booty.

The Hut in Gorodnia: Advance or Retreat?

H. $40\frac{1}{2}$ in., W. $59\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Napoleon was in Borowsk when he received the good news of the occupation of Malo-Iaroslavetz by a French division. This occupation was effected without a battle, the French having arrived ahead of the Russians on the road to Kalouga. During this whole day the emperor on horseback kept a watchful eye upon the country. His eyes were kept on the left side of the route, from which he feared to see the Russian army issue, but the latter was not to be seen, and he passed a tranquil night. But on the following day, the 24th of October, he learned that "the Russians were there, and that they had defeated and driven from Iaroslavetz the French division, which had been expecting the corps of the Viceroy Eugène to come to its help, and that the struggle had been sanguinary." Napoleon in great excitement hurried to one of the neighboring heights and listened eagerly. Could the Barbarians have been too cunning for him! Was it possible that the old fox, Kutusoff, had outwitted him! Or could he himself have been too slow! Could he, Napoleon, have been the cause of this defeat through his want of energy! If he had not for a whole day held back the Prince Eugène at Fominskoë, the prince would have already been at Malo-Iaroslavetz, and consequently at Kalouga, and they would have been in advance of the enemy; that was an assured line of retreat. How idiotic not to press the march, to reduce the baggage of the troops, the marshals, and his own! He was too late, and now what chances! Fine weather, his army leaving Moscow rested and remounted; all due to him as much as to Kutusoff; all ruined, and his fault! He listens, he listens again; steady cannonading! It is certainly a battle! It is now clear to him that it is no longer a question of fame, but of saving the army and of flight.

When the firing of the cannon became more and more rare, he entered one of the huts of the hamlet of Gorodnia, some miles from Malo-Iaroslavetz, and called together the marshals who were at hand.

All through the night one report succeeded another, telling him that the field of battle remained in the hands of the French. The Russians, repulsed but sheltered in the forest, occupied a stronger position on the other side of the town and their ranks were augmented from hour to hour. At last came the news that the army of Kutusoff disclosed the intention of turning the left wing of the French by the road of Médyne, and that there was no choice except to engage in a general battle, or to beat a retreat. At eleven o'clock Marshal Bessières, sent to reconnoitre, returned and reported that the position of the Russians was impregnable. The Emperor folded his arms on his breast. "Do you hold yourself responsible for what you are saying?" Bessières repeats his report, and assures him that the Russian position is so solid that with three hundred men they could hold in check an entire army. He ventures to propose retreat, and is backed by other officers. The emperor listens to their opinions and asks Count Lobau, "What is your advice?" "Retreat, sir, by the shortest road, and as soon as possible."

Napoleon, always with his arms folded, his head bent, remained sitting in an attitude of deep thought. There was no longer any doubt he had made a mistake, and he alone was responsible, he could not accuse any one else. The image of Charles XII., so often mentioned during this campaign, and his blunders, which he had so firmly determined not to repeat, appeared before his eyes in spite of him. How had it all happened!

As usually occurs in such cases, when conscience brings all our actions in a lightning flash before our eyes, he saw in a moment the whole history of the campaign, from the occupation of Moscow to the present time.

He remembered the order given by him to Marshal Mortier, appointed Military Governor of the capital, to prevent all incendiarism, all plundering: "Your head will answer for it! Defend

Moscow above all and against all!" Then came the dreadful night which brought to his ears the sad reports of incendiarism. He had been overcome by them and could find no rest. Again and again he had called up his attendants and made them repeat these rumors, always hoping that they could not substantiate them, till, at two o'clock in the morning, the flames broke forth! He had hurried in person to the scene of the conflagration, giving one order after the other, scolded, threatened. The fire seemed to be extinguished, and he had returned to the Kremlin somewhat reassured. He had at last seen himself the possessor of the Palace of the Muscovite Tsars.

"Now we shall see," he said, "what the Russians will do next! If they will not now begin to treat for peace they must be made to do so by patience and perseverance. We are now in winter quarters, and we will show the world the spectacle of an army peaceably wintering, surrounded by a hostile population, like a ship in the midst of Arctic ice! In the spring we will begin the war anew. But Alexander will never let matters come to this extremity, we shall agree and conclude peace."

Napoleon had evidently foreseen all these contingencies—the bloody struggle before Moscow, the long stay at Moscow itself, the severe winter, even disasters; but, with the city in his power, and 250,000 soldiers at his back, he thought himself secure against the worst.

But then came the unforeseen—the city was engulfed in a huge, inconceivable conflagration. The earth seemed to open and spit out the fires of hell. Even now, when thinking over the events of that night, he shuddered at the recollection of his awakening in the double glare of dawn and of these terrible flames, remembered his order that the fire should be put out at any cost, and the conviction, to which he was speedily driven, that this was an order impossible to execute, and that there was a will at work even stronger than his own.

This conquest, for the sake of which he had made every sacrifice, which, like a shadow, he had endeavored to seize, eluded his grasp, vanished in fire, in clouds of smoke, in the crackling and crumbling of falling buildings! Again he called to mind how, in his excitement, he did not know where to begin, what to undertake; how he had sat down, stood up, sat down again; had set about some urgent work, thrown it aside, rushed to the windows to watch the track of the fire, and then cried: "This, then, is what they are, these barbarians, these Scythians! How many magnificent buildings—palaces! What resolution! What men!"

The panes near which he stood were so hot that they burnt his face, and the men placed on the roofs had scarcely time to

extinguish the sparks as they fell. A rumor spread that the Kremlin was undermined, and many servants, and even court officials, lost their heads with fear. Napoleon had sadly watched the flames snatching away his brilliant conquest, even blocking up his way out of the Kremlin, and holding him prisoner. He had seen the neighboring buildings fall victims to the flames, and, watching the ring of fire close in around him, had already begun to breathe smoke and ashes.

The King of Naples and Prince Eugène hurry to him, and, together with Berthier, beg him on their knees to leave the palace, but he still remains.

At last the report is brought in, "Fire in the Kremlin! The incendiary captured!"

He now makes up his mind to leave the Kremlin, rushes down the celebrated Strelitz Staircase, and gives orders to be taken to the Petrowsky Palace outside the city. He must hurry, for the flames around him increase at every moment. He hastens to the river, whence a small winding street leads him to an outlet from this hell.

On foot he presses forward, through this fearful avenue of flame, through the crackling of innumerable burning buildings, the thunder of falling masonry, of beams crashing from the roofs, and molten metal pouring from the gutters. The road is so covered with *débris* of all kinds that it is most difficult to force a passage. The fires which destroyed the buildings in front of which he had to pass rose upwards on both sides of the streets and formed above his head a veritable arch of flame.

In this desperate situation, where haste alone could ensure safety, the guide came to a stand. He had lost his way. Napoleon's career on this earth would have ended there and then had it not been that some marauders of the First Army Corps recognized their Emperor, hurried up to his aid, and led him out to an open space that had already been burnt out. He now involuntarily shuddered at the recollection of these awful moments. In spite of the storm which had burst forth, of the many eyes fixed upon him, waiting for his commands, he could not shake off the incubus of this recollection.

Again he remembered how, early the next morning, he had cast a glance from the Petrowsky Palace in the direction of Moscow, and had had to acknowledge to himself that the conflagration was ever on the increase, and that the whole city seemed like one huge devouring pillar of flame and smoke.

The extraordinary effort to obtain possession of Moscow had exhausted all his resources. Moscow was the end of all his plans, the goal of all hopes and endeavours, and this Moscow was now vanishing. What should he now do?

He who was accustomed to explain his plans only so far as to ensure their due execution was now driven to seek advice. Napoleon proposed to march on St. Petersburg. The Marshals argued that the season was too unfavourable, the roads too much cut up, that provisions were unobtainable, and that, therefore, such a campaign was not to be thought of. Out-voted, but not convinced, he could not fix on any definite plan; he hesitated, and suffered tortures.

He had so confidently hoped for peace in Moscow that he had not even provided for proper winter quarters, and could not make up his mind to face another battle, as this would expose the whole line of operation, now strewn with wounded, sick, and stragglers, and blocked up by carts. The main point, was however, that he could not renounce the hope for which he had sacrificed so much, that the letter which he had addressed to Alexander would be successful. That letter must now have passed the Russian outposts, and within the week, perhaps, he would receive the longed for answer to his proposals of peace and friendship. Why not?

His fame, his star were at that time still in full splendor, why should he not believe in the possibility of a favourable issue! At that time he had stood firm, had not run away as he had now to do.

Under the weight of these remembrances Napoleon remained stupefied, and to the demands of the Marshals, who continued to await his orders, he replied only with a discouraged shaking of his head. He passed a sleepless night. At daylight he got into his saddle and left for Malo-Iaroslavetz so quickly that the four squadrons of cavalry which constituted his habitual escort, ordered up too late, were not ready. Long lines of ambulances, wagons of powder and ammunition encumbered the way. Suddenly, in the distance on the left of the road, were discerned several groups, then a compact mass of cavalry. The stragglers and women who follow the army took fright and scattered in disorder, howling and groaning in a great panic. It was the Cossacks of Platoff. They advanced with such rapidity that the Emperor, not understanding at once what it meant, halted. General Rapp had but time to seize briskly the bridle of Napoleon's horse, and turning quickly, cried, "Save yourself, they are here." Napoleon succeeded in escaping, but the

horse of Rapp received such a lance stroke that he fell with the General. The cavalry escort which now galloped up saved the Emperor and his suite, and the Cossacks disappeared as quickly as they came. Intent on plunder, they had not remarked the magnificent prey they had allowed to escape. The brave Rapp related afterwards that Napoleon, remarking the General's horse bleeding, asked him if he were not wounded. Upon his answering that he was only bruised by the fall, Napoleon burst into loud laughter. The general added, that for his part, he had no desire to do likewise.

The battle-field of Malo-Iaroslavetz was horrible. The city, which changed masters eleven times, had disappeared from the face of the earth. The streets were marked by lines of bodies. After congratulating the Viceroy on his victory and being assured that the Russians were working with feverish energy to fortify their position, Napoleon returned to the hut of Gorodnia, where Murat, the Prince Eugène, Berthier, Davout and Bessières followed him. Thus in that small, dark and dirty room an Emperor, two Kings and several Dukes and Marshals met together to decide as to the fate of the *Grand Armée*, and with it that of all Europe. On a bench in the center of the only room was seated Murat, the marshals stood before the table, on which, under the ikon, Napoleon, his head hidden in his hands, endeavored to conceal the terrible anguish and indecision betrayed by his countenance. An inkstand, a map and the celebrated plumed hat of Murat were on the table, on the benches a portfolio and rolls of maps, on the floor torn envelopes and fragments of reports. Silence reigned in the room. It was necessary to get out of a position which had become critical, to solve a complicated problem! How to reach Smolensk and by what route! By Kalouga? There untouched regions would be crossed, rich and well provisioned, but defended at all points by the Russian army. By Mojaïsk and Viazma? The old route they had taken in coming, where the country was starved, ravaged, burned and in-

fect. The silence was long. Napoleon for a long time mentally weighed all the chances of success in one case and the other, but he could not succeed in making any decision. His eyes wandered over the map spread out before him, or fixed themselves again and again on Malo-Iaroslavetz and Kalouga, his recollections always taking him to Moscow, to the neighborhood of Alexander, and bringing back to him his attempts at peace. He thought of the humiliations which these attempts entailed, of his letters which remained unanswered. Smarting under these insults, he again proposed to his Marshals to burn all that was left of Moscow, and to march on St. Petersburg. He endeavored to excite their imagination with the prospect of new exploits. "Think," he said, "of the glory that will cover us, and how the world will praise us, when it hears that in three months we have captured the two capitals of the North!" But they again urged the severity of the weather, and the bad state of the roads. "Why should we rush towards a winter which is so rapidly approaching?" they asked. "What will become of our wounded? We shall have to leave them to Kutusoff's mercy, and he is certain to follow us. We shall have to attack and defend ourselves at one and the same time, conquer and fly!"

These discouraging responses influenced him to attempt a new effort with Alexander, and to try once more if the charm that he had in bygone times so powerfully exercised upon him still existed. This proved but one more humiliation. He had chosen Caulaincourt, who he knew was favored by the Czar, but whom he had neglected on account of his constant opposition to the whole campaign. Too proud to acknowledge his error Napoleon remained silent for a long time before his chamberlain. Then he spoke. He said he was ready to march on to St. Petersburg. He knew that the ruin of this city would affect Caulaincourt, his ancient ambassador, and be a great calamity. He wished to pre-

vent this, and inasmuch as he had a high opinion of his enemy, the Emperor Alexander, he had decided to send Caulaincourt to St. Petersburg; what had he to say to this?

Caulaincourt was an obstinate man, and no courtier, although he had once been an Ambassador, and he openly declared that such a message would be useless, that Alexander would hear nothing, and refuse to entertain the idea of peace until every Frenchman had left the soil of Russia. In his opinion, Russia knew well, especially at this season, the strength of her own position and the weakness of the enemy's. Such an attempt would do more harm than good, as it would acquaint Alexander with the dangerous situation in which Napoleon found himself, and enable him to guess how urgently the Emperor desired peace. Moreover, Napoleon's solicitude would be more evident the higher the position of the person sent as Ambassador. He, Caulaincourt, would be the less likely to obtain his object, inasmuch as he would arrive at St. Petersburg strong in this conviction. "Enough," interrupted Napoleon, angrily, "I shall send Lauriston."

But Lauriston was equally unwilling to undertake the mission, and advised that, instead of negotiations, the retreat should begin without delay. The Emperor was obliged to insist, and at last explicitly commanded Lauriston to undertake the negotiations. He rode off with a letter to Kutusoff, requesting a free pass to St. Petersburg.

Kutusoff and his Generals well understood how to deceive Lauriston with flatteries, courtesies and an apparent desire for a speedy conclusion of this terrible campaign, and Napoleon himself was so greatly misled by this duplicity that he summoned his staff and made known to them the approach of peace.

Had Lauriston overlooked the red uniform of the Englishman, Wilson, behind Kutusoff's chair? Why had he indulged in these vain boasts, even if it were

only to those most intimate with him!

Whilst Napoleon was pondering over these things, the Marshals were whispering to one another, closely watching the Emperor, but not daring to disturb him. He sat bent over his map, still invincible, still unconquered, but oppressed with the most intense anxiety for the fate of his army, his name, his dynasty and France.

Napoleon thought of his melancholy walks through the huge cemetery, for the Moscow of that time resembled nothing so closely — through masses of plundered wealth, the masquerades in which the troops had indulged, subversive of all discipline, the daily exhibition of rich gifts, which seemed to terrify rather than to delight the recipients.

He remembered the sleepless nights, during one of which he disclosed to an intimate friend, Count Daru, the inward workings of his mind, and acknowledged to him openly the difficulty of his position. He still possessed sufficient clearness of mind to recognize the true state of affairs after the return of Lauriston.

Napoleon acknowledged that in this savage country he had not conquered one single man, and could only call his own that piece of earth on which at that moment he stood, that he simply felt himself absorbed by the huge, immeasurable territory of Russia. He admitted that he only hesitated to retreat because he could not bring himself to admit, in the eyes of Europe, that he was fleeing from Russia — he shrank from dealing the first blow to his supposed invincibility.

It was now evident to him that here, as in Spain, the guiding principle of his policy, never to withdraw, never openly to acknowledge a mistake, however great it might be, but to march steadily onward, was no longer applicable.

He well understood that he could not depend on Prussia, and that nothing could be done with Austria. He furthermore saw that Kutusoff had overreached him, but still he hesitated. It appeared, in fact, equally impossible

for him to halt or to retreat, to advance or to risk a battle with any prospect of victory.

During this period of vacillation and doubt he was at great pains to persuade himself and others that matters were not so bad as they appeared to be. The loss of Moscow, he argued, "was indeed a misfortune, but it had also its good side, for if the city had not been deserted it would have been difficult to maintain order among its 300,000 fanatical inhabitants, and, at the same time, to sleep quietly in the Kremlin. It was true that nothing now remained of Moscow except ruins. Still, one could at least occupy them in peace. Again, although millions in "contributions" were lost, how many thousand millions was Russia losing. Her commerce had been destroyed for a century at least, and the development of the nation retarded for at least fifty years — that was no mean result! When the excitement of the Russians was at an end, and the hour for deliberation struck, then would they be terrified. The blow would undoubtedly shake the throne of Alexander, and compel him to sue for peace.

The check of Murat at Taroutina, the abandonment of the ruins of Moscow, the insoluble situation at Malo-Iaroslavetz finally determined Napoleon to cease all tergiversation. Retreat was imperative. The first to break the silence was Murat, he showed signs of impatience. "I may be accused of recklessness," he said, "but we cannot remain in one spot, and as it is dangerous to go back, let us attack. What does it matter if the Russians are behind their fortresses. Give me what is left of the cavalry and I will force a passage to Kalouga." Napoleon quenched this ardor, saying that enough had been done for glory, and it was necessary to think of saving the army. Bessières said that the tired remnants of the cavalry had not enough spirit and was incapable of the effort that the King of Naples demanded of it. It was only necessary to survey the battlefield of the day before to be convinced of the courage of the Russians and to

see that the new recruits knew how to fight and die. Bessières concluded his speech with advice to retreat, and the Emperor, judging from his silence, was not far from assent, when Davout remarked that if they decided on retreating they would have to march towards Smolensk by the Médyne. Either from wounded self-love or because of his hatred for Davout, Murat shouted that the Marshal wished to take the army to its destruction, harassed as it would be on its flanks by Kutusoff. "Will you, Davout, undertake to defend it? Have we not the straight line to Borowsk and to Mojaïsk to beat a retreat upon, with provisions awaiting us?" "My way is sure and much shorter," howled Davout, "the soldiers would find themselves in villages which are intact and will furnish living and shelter from the cold. On your route, Murat, there is sand or the cinders of destroyed places, and for the comfort of the soldiers, epidemic and hunger! if the Emperor wishes advice, here it is! You cannot compel me to keep silence although you are a King. You are not my King, and you never will be." Berthier and Bessières separated in time the two chiefs. During this dispute the Emperor remained seated and motionless, bending over his map apparently heedless of the quarrel. At last he raised his head and said to his companions in arms, "Well, gentlemen, I will give the order."

17

Resting by Night

H. 42 in., W. 60 in.

The frightful winter which had let itself loose, surprised the French army. Embarrassed by the immense booty, and laden with precious things, they had no warm clothing, and the cold proved to them that they were not masters of that country. The order of Napoleon to burn

everything on their way, as a pretence of punishing the Russians, struck first his own army. The order being executed by the advance guard instead of the rear, it deprived the unhappy soldiers of all hope of warming themselves from time to time, and obliged them to pass the nights sleeping in the open air. Those who succeeded in lighting fires stayed for hours together seated around them, not noticing that they were burning their clothes, while their frost-bitten limbs were slowly freezing. Some of them got right into the fire and there perished. The nights of snow and tempest were especially terrible. In crowded ranks, enveloped in rags and tatters, the soldiers uttered prolonged groans that seemed to rise above the raging of the tempest. Soldiers, officers, generals, mixed together, cried for their native land, for their mothers, for their brothers, and covered with imprecations the names of Alexander and Napoleon.

18

Napoleon in the Frost

H. $30\frac{1}{4}$ in., W. $23\frac{1}{2}$ in.

“Napoleon was clothed in a Polish dress, consisting of a cap trimmed with sable and a green coat edged with the same fur, with gold frogs, and warm top boots. . . . Napoleon was on foot. . . . He was dressed in the above-mentioned costume, and had in his hands a birchen staff.” — CHAMBRAY.

19

Revenge — Hurrah!

H. 56 in., W. $60\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Napoleon left Smolensk, and Prince Kutusoff left Stschelkanow to march towards Krasnoje on one and the same day.

Thither hastened also on the enemy's side the Corps commanded by Junot, the artillery of the Guard, the parks of artillery, the Cavalry and the Guides. The Polish Corps covered the left flank.

Then came the French from Smolensk — first the Viceroy, then Davout, and at last Ney, all at a distance of a day's march from one another.

Ney received the command of the rear-guard after Davout had been declared too pedantic and slow. He was ordered to put the sick and wounded out of their misery, to burn anything that could not be carried away, to blow up all walls and towns, for Napoleon said that "in his next campaign he did not wish to be stopped by these obstacles."

Prince Kutusoff communicated the movements of the army to Tschitschagow, and added that for the future he would follow up Napoleon's left flank. "By so doing I shall keep up my connection with the fertile provinces, a safe communication with you, and when the enemy does not see me near him he will not dare to halt for fear lest I shall surround him." Miloradowitsch received instructions to occupy the road to Krasnoje, and to endeavor to cut off the retreat of the enemy into the town. He was to be careful not to drive the French to despair, but let them retreat, and, as far as possible, only skirmish with the flank or rear-guards.

At four o'clock in the afternoon on November 3d, Miloradowitsch approached the high road and saw the French Guard, led by Napoleon. The Emperor was taken aback by the appearance of the Russians, as he had not thought it possible that they could head him, and he believed himself to be followed only by Cossacks.

The eldest son of Starost Semen was serving in a regiment of the Guards. Semen had the right to exempt his sons from military service, but as he did not wish to be less patriotic than the nobility, who, without exception, hurried off to the war, he caused his eldest son to be enrolled. The second lived in the wood, where, with

the women, he looked after the property that had been saved and stored in quickly - constructed earthen huts. The youngest son had joined the Starost in tracking down the enemy.

The son knew nothing of the misfortunes that had overtaken the old man, but he had heard that the latter was seriously engaging, not only marauders and stragglers, but small parties of foragers. As he was now in the neighborhood of his home, he hoped to meet, if not his father, at least some of the family.

The apparent want of resolution on the part of their leader, Kutusoff, was totally incomprehensible to the Russian rank and file. The soldiers related how "He" — that was the Field-Marshal — had given orders not to press too closely upon the retreating foe, and not to provoke a desperate defence on the part of men driven to bay. "Pity!" They were all longing for the end of the war, they could not be worse off in the next world than they were now during this winter campaign. Miloradowitsch's men suffered exceptionally severely, and had to endure cold, hunger, and fatigue. Whilst the main army moved comparatively slowly, with intervals of rest, they knew absolutely no cessation of their daily change of position. The foragers brought in very little, horses and men marched with the greatest difficulty, and the losses were enormous. The soldiers slept in the open, and in warming themselves set fire to their own clothes. On days when provisions were scarce Miloradowitsch used to say, "The less bread, the more fame." That was not, however, the prevalent sentiment. The hope of cutting off the enemy's army, and capturing it, together with Napoleon, was common to both officers and men. It was not known with which of the regiments the Emperor of the French would be found, and, although the advance guard marched into Krasnoje in view of them all, they still hoped to capture the corps that followed, and awaited them with the greatest impatience.

During the whole of the following morning not a single Frenchman was to be seen on the Smolensk road. About three o'clock the Cossacks reported that the Viceroy was coming from Rjawka in heavy columns.

Miloradowitsch drew up a corps of Infantry and another of Cavalry across the line of march, and parallel with the road he placed Rajewski, who at that time commanded only a division.

When the Viceroy saw himself cut off from Krasnoje he drew up his corps in line of battle. It was accompanied by masses of unarmed soldiers, cavalymen without horses, artillerymen without guns. The Artillery had lagged behind, and been attacked near the River Wopp by the Cossacks, so that, altogether, only about seventeen guns at that time were available.

The battle was unequal, and did not last long. The French were driven out of all their positions, and only a few, with the Viceroy at their head, managed to escape into Krasnoje. The Grenadiers with shouldered muskets came out of the wood in which they were concealed, shouting "Hurrah!" Dragging their feet with difficulty through the snow, they attacked the enemy with so much determination that the great column laid down its arms and surrendered.

Nevertheless, the action was not completely finished on that day, and a yet fiercer struggle was expected to take place on November 5th.

Napoleon then marched out of Krasnoje to join Davout, who was to come from Smolensk. He walked at the head of the Old Guard, in his fur cloak lined with sable, his sable cap, and lined boots, carrying his birch stick in his hand. He was going back deeper into Russia, and on a remark being made regarding the danger to which he exposed himself with so weak a force, opposed by the Russian army, he replied: "I have played at being Emperor long enough, it is time for me to be General once more!"

Recognizing that Davout could not join him without great loss while the Russians held the road, he determined to attack the main army, in the hope that the cautious Kutusoff would have recalled Miloradowitsch, thus giving the First Corps a chance of forcing its way through. This almost turned out to be the case. Miloradowitsch was compelled *nolens volens* to let the main portion of the Marshal's detachment pass through and join Napoleon. He attacked only the rear guard, taking about seven thousand men prisoners, together with twenty-eight guns.

Prince Kutusoff, who showed so much prudence — many called it cowardice — was true to his policy. After he had personally inspected the position of the French before Krasnoje, and had firmly convinced himself that Napoleon was in command, he confirmed the orders already given, not to drive the enemy to bay, as in that case the Russian losses might be very heavy. He held to the opinion that the whole army must be compelled to leave the country, and not a remnant, that there was no object to be gained by incurring a great loss of life. The enemy's army, he thought, must of necessity be destroyed through cold, hunger, and the other hardships attendant upon a winter campaign, and when crossing the Beresina under the Russian guns would be obliged to lay down their arms.

Being on the left of his company, Semen's son had often to charge at the point of the bayonet. He was often under a heavy artillery fire, and met death face to face.

He saw many awful sights: the whole country strewn with dead and dying, ammunition cases, hospital carts, guns, muskets, pistols, drums, breastplates, ramrods, bayonets, swords, carriages and phaetons from Moscow (the last-named being especial favorites with the French) lay heaped together, besides horses with bowels protruding and abdomens gaping, into which the enemy crept for warmth. The French wrapped themselves up in priest's vestments or women's clothes to guard against the cold,

fastened straw round their legs and covered their heads with women's caps, Jews' hats, or woven cane.

However greatly the Russians may have suffered, their condition was not to be compared with that of the enemy. It is sufficient to mention that the French ate those of their compatriots who succumbed through hunger, roasting them at the bivouac fires.

The Russian Generals insisted in their orders on charity and brotherly love. The soldiers, indeed, could not fail to be moved to compassion toward the victims of such terrible misfortunes. Many a time did they succor the starving French, moving about like mere ghosts, by feeding and warming them.

Soon, however, Ivan's feelings received a terrible shock; in the snow, near the road, his company found the bodies of three peasants who had been shot. One of the bodies was that of an old man. A single glance was sufficient — he recognized his father and two of the villagers. They lay there, buried in the snow, with wounds in their breasts and in their heads. There was no time for mourning, a grave was quickly dug and the three victims were buried. From that time forward Ivan had less compassion for the enemy, and on the following day, when about to attack Ney's column, Miloradowitsch galloped up to his men, and said: "There are the French, I make you a present of them!" he and his companions waded through the deep snow, threw themselves on the enemy, and terribly avenged the death of his father.

When, later, he returned to his village, he related how he had found the "old man" and his companions, with bullet holes in their breasts and heads, gnawed by dogs. The whole village celebrated Mass for the dead, the musket of the slain Starost being hung up in the church. Either the musket was of no value in the eyes of the French, or they had forgotten it; in any case, it was found in the spot where the execution took place, and for many a day was an object of great interest, not only to the peasants, but to the magistrates, who looked upon it as a

monument of the deeds of valour performed by the murdered Mayor.

The martyrdom of Semen and his heroic deeds gave rise to many legendary stories. There were even eye-witnesses who related how the Starost had slain a large number of Frenchmen before being overpowered, and his grandchildren did not hesitate to relate that the old hero had not had time "to load and pull the trigger"; the number of those whom he killed it was impossible to estimate.

20

In the Ouspensky Cathedral

H. 42¾ in., W. 51 in.

All contemporaries agree in stating that the churches on the line of march of the *Grande Armée* were used as stables. On the portico of the cathedral of Malo-Iaroslavetz one could read written in charcoal, "Stable of the General Guilleminot."

"The Churches," says Labaume, "which as buildings suffered least through the conflagration, were used as barracks or stables. The neighing of horses and the horrible blasphemies of the troops took the place of the sacred hymns whose melody had once echoed through these holy aisles."

Renè Bourgeois briefly remarks that the cavalry took all the churches that were spared by the fire. According to the author of *The Journal of the War*, the rich churches of Viazma were all devastated and pillaged. Against the exterior walls of the Cathedral of the Assumption, in the enclosure of the Kremlin, were established forges, on which the French melted gold and silver attached to the sacred statues or stolen from the church. The figures of the results of these depredations were found inscribed in chalk in the emperor's stall, 365 pouds of silver and 18 pouds of gold (a poud equals 35 pounds).

Behind the altar of the Cathedral of l'Archangelsk, also at the Kremlin, a church consecrated by the tombs of the Czars, a French cantanière had established her living room. She cooked near the window, dressed in a rich chasuble. Everywhere were piled up sacks of hay, corn, potatoes and barrels of salted provisions, which made the nave a vast store house.

"Everything in the Cathedral," says Prince Schachowski, who was among the first to return to Moscow after its evacuation, "had been destroyed or stolen. The Rakha of the Holy Metropolitan Philip was not to be found; we gathered together the remains of his relics and laid them on a small bare side-altar."

The coffin covering the remains of the Metropolitan Peter was completely broken up, the lid torn asunder, and the grave dug up. In the Cathedral, from the cupola downwards, with the exception of the Rakha of Saint Jonas, not a single piece of metal, not a vestment was left behind. The wooden monuments of the coffins of the Archpriests of Moscow were stripped, but only one of them was cut up, namely, that of the Patriarch Hermogen.

Prince Schachowski believes that the insults shown to the memory of the great patriot of the popular movement of 1612 prove their perpetration by the Poles.

"On arriving at Moscow," says an eye witness, "I found that after the departure of the French, the relics of the saints were found removed from their settings and dispersed, and many of the holy martyrs had limbs pulled off; that the head of Tzarevitch Dmitry was cut off, and the remains of the Metropolitan Alexis had completely disappeared." The altars everywhere had been upset to be transformed into tables. The ikons served them for targets and wood for burning. Church vestments were seen everywhere on the backs of the soldiers. The Monastery Tchoudow and the Cathedral of the Annunciation were not spared any more than the Assumption, where the Czars were crowned, and where the

soldiers, it is said, in the presence of Napoleon, had not only taken off the ornaments from the large ikons of the saints, but destroyed them and left nothing but empty spaces. Vases of gold and silver, jewels and objects of art that the clergy had been imprudent enough to leave in the cathedral, the ecclesiastics beheld pillaged under their eyes. Among other things that disappeared was the celebrated candle-sticks, in silver, given by Boyard Morosow during the reign of Alexis Michailovitch, which was marvelous in its execution. Everything, even to the evangels and the church books were burned in order to separate from them the precious metals.

In the choir of the Cathedral of Kazan, a dead horse was deposited in the place of the destroyed tabernacle. Antique furniture, broken utensils, the remains of the pillaging of the Muscovite palaces, were spread about in the most of the churches. Even the manikins and lay figures from the Museum of Armor were found grouped as a sign of mockery in derisive attitudes.

Napoleon, wishing to see the archepiscopal Russian service compelled a priest of inferior rank to hold a service in Ouspensky-Sobor; for this he presented him with a "Kamilawka," or cap, worn by the secular priesthood. He ordered the big cross taken down from the tower of Ivan le Grand, about six metres high and plated with silvergilt, as he wished to put it on the dome of the Invalides in Paris, but in the desperation of the retreat, this cross was thrown, according to some into Lake Semlewo, according to others, it went near to Wilna, whence it was returned to Moscow, and restored to its place. Into this lake they threw so much booty from the pillage of Moscow, that it would be interesting to know if any search has been made at any time in the waters along the route.

The Partisans: Let them come

H. 56 in., W. 60½ in.

Simon Archipovitch in 1812 was starost (mayor) in a village of the government of Smolensk in the district of Krasnoië, about forty verstes (7 miles) from the high-road. On their march towards Moscow, the men and the horses of the Grande Armée found in the villages and fields along the route what was necessary for their subsistence, so that the foraging parties did not make their way far into the interior. The mayor, Simon, had already hidden in the forest all that he had, with the determination to take refuge there with the peasants, but seeing no one and regaining courage he returned to his home with all his family. But soon marauding parties appeared demanding bread, milk, etc., and showed a very cruel spirit to all the peasants who fell into their hands. The mayor and his fellow villagers longed to retaliate but they refrained, not wishing the ill-will of the French, who had spread the rumor of the speedy and complete occupation of Smolensk and its government, which henceforth would not belong to Russia, and of the complete emancipation of the serfs in that part of the empire. The reports excited such an agitation in the minds of the peasants that there were men who were ready to help the march of the invader by bringing back all that they had hidden in the form of provisions, forage, etc., and in some districts the peasants were seen trespassing on the domains of their landlords and plundering their houses. It was said that the Bishop of Moguileff and his clergy had ordered public prayers in the churches in which the name of the Emperor Napoleon was substituted for that of Czar Alexander. The trouble became so serious that in some districts the enemies were given a hospitable reception and the soldiers were presented with bread and salt. Among the peasants discontent was

widespread, and Simon remarked that the more the French advanced the more the revolt gained ground and the more often appeared, though still a little timid, the reprisals against the land owners and their stewards. Even his own orders were unwillingly obeyed. From all sides, however, irritating news was brought. The French were carrying off everything they could lay their hands on. They encamped in the fields, trampled down the newly sown seed and treated the inhabitants in the most cruel manner. The women and young girls were pursued, outraged, and even assassinated. Men and children met the same fate. It was said that the churches were turned into barracks, powder magazines, stables and slaughter houses, and that the silver settings were torn off the pictures of the saints and the holy images were thrown into the streets, where they served as firewood, while the altars were turned into tables and benches. The invaders desecrated everything, the sacred vessels and the church vestments, profanations horrible and impious in the highest degree in the public mind.

It was impossible to disbelieve the news, and it provoked terrible excitement among the peasants, destroying the influence of those who had urged patience, under the belief that Napoleon would free them. A peasant who escaped from Moscow related that want of discipline was so prevalent in the French army that the superior officers had lost all authority. The troops drank, plundered and killed. In the Kremlin, on the altar of the Archangelski Cathedral, they erected a kitchen. Horses were stationed in the Upenski Cathedral. The insults and desecration were indescribable. Two priests were killed in the Andronjef Monastery. The peasant himself saw a target placed upon the Red Gate composed entirely of pictures of Saints. The vestments of a priest and the chaplet of a bride had been taken out of the Voznessenki Monastery and put upon a tame bear, which had been made to dance. The inhabitants had been tortured in every imaginable way, and many had seen the

Princes Wolkonski, Lopuchin, and Galizyn, laden with sacks, and driven along by the French with shouts of "Allo!" "Allo!" (*Allons! Allons!*) On his way from Moscow he had heard that the people were seeking now to avenge themselves; that large parties of peasants had flocked to the battlefield of Borodino to pick up muskets, swords, and all kinds of weapons for despatching the French, whom they might chance to meet on the roads, in the woods, or villages.

Simon summoned his council under the authority of the priest, and it was determined to ask the superior authorities if the murder of a Frenchman would be punished by the Czar; if not, they would come together and with the assistance of God defend their villages. The arrival of an officer of Figner's Cossacks, come from a reconnaissance with some men in the neighborhood of Moscow, put an end to all hesitation. He told the peasants not only would the murder of a Frenchman not be regarded as a crime, but it would be credited on the contrary as a laudable service. He announced, moreover, that Napoleon had very little time longer in Moscow, as Kutusoff held him there as in a trap. A corps of volunteers was soon formed, Simon being given command. At first there was some difficulty with the young men, who refused to accept so old a chief under the belief that he would not act with enough firmness and audacity, but order was restored spontaneously and promptly when they perceived that this so-called lack of audacity was only good tactics.

When Simon found himself in the presence of a superior troop he never risked his men. He tried to get in touch with some other detachment or with the Cossacks, but if the affair gave some promise of success the mayor knew how to exhibit the necessary energy and determination. Having surprised, in a village near his own, a detachment which, after having shot some of the peasants on the porch of the church, were resting unsuspectingly in a hut, he had the hut silently sealed up by

his men, then the exits barricaded and fagots brought, he set fire to the house and burnt the marauders alive. Simon was not naturally cruel. Among the bodies of partisans of the neighborhood we are told of chiefs who, not satisfied with the different punishments already known which they could inflict on their prisoners, invented new ways of making them suffer and die, the others appearing to them too gentle in comparison with the crimes of the invading horde. It is said that the chief of the Cossacks, Figner, often put the French prisoners in line and shot them through the head one by one. This mutual ferocity was terrible and went so far that some of the French being attacked and resuming the offensive, soaked in oil the partisans they were able to capture and warmed themselves at this new kind of bon-fire; on other occasions they skinned alive the peasants who were found with arms in their hands. Simon made reprisals, but never shot without necessity, especially soldiers without arms. He sent his prisoners to the civil authorities of his district, thus washing his hands of them. He was very severe with his own men, and one of them having sold some provisions to the enemy was judged, condemned and shot, with the consent of the village priest. The volunteers were not all armed in the same manner; some had old muskets of a style dating at least in the previous century; others had excellent French guns which had been taken from the dead and prisoners; many had but bayonets and shoulder belts taken from the enemy; others had only pikes or poles to which scythes had been fastened. It was not rare to see among the volunteers some old priest with cross in hand endeavoring to encourage the men and inspire them with more firmness and hardihood. A discharged soldier assisted Simon in mounting his sentries who should signal the approach of the enemy. A bell was rung and the partisans on foot or on horseback ran to an appointed place of meeting. There were many classes of people among the volunteers. A village deacon among others on horse-

back guarded the outskirts of the village, especially at night, letting no one pass without subjecting him to a serious and penetrating inspection, although he had only one eye. Another man, Fedka, was also noted for his courage. He was always in the front ranks with his long red hair and beard. On the whole, the corps of Mayor Simon, consisting of perhaps a hundred members, assisted some fifteen hundred Frenchmen into the next world and took nearly three thousand prisoners.

22

Bad News from France

H. 60 in., W. 46 in.

On Tuesday, the 6th of November, 1812, the Russian winter made its real appearance in the form of a violent snowstorm. On this day Count Daru accompanied by his staff went in haste to the Emperor, and held a mysterious conference with him, which naturally aroused the already uneasy attention of the Emperor's staff. This was the first courier that had arrived for six days. It did not take long to transpire that he was the bearer of bad news from France. It related to the conspiracy of Mallet, a General heretofore unknown, who had just missed success in carrying off the power by means of false dispatches about the ruin of the *Grande Armée* and the disappearance of the Emperor. The attempt had accidentally failed. A part of the plan of Mallet had succeeded, and if Fouché had allowed himself to be arrested, the Empire were lost! The Emperor learned at the same moment of the crime and the punishment of the guilty. He disguised his emotion and contented himself by saying to Daru, "We should have been in fine case if we had remained in Moscow!"

When in the presence of the army Napoleon showed neither fear nor uneasiness, but his anxiety became all

the more apparent when he found himself alone with his immediate staff. He then displayed astonishment, anger and rage. But when quite alone with the thoughts which for a long time past had permitted him no rest, his mind was filled with deep sorrow.

What would Europe say? How it would rejoice at the instability of his much-vaunted new institutions, and at the want of civil courage in those persons who were the props of his State. Was it possible that the era of revolutions and turmoils in France was not yet at an end! Was it possible that his relationship to the imperial House for which he had made such great sacrifices, counted for nothing! Was his son, the hope and support of his country, of so little importance that he was forgotten in the moment of danger!

The Headquarters were encamped near the Post Office, and the Emperor occupied a small village church surrounded by a wall. The field bed, with the articles of his toilet, harmonized badly with the ornaments of the old church, the gilt Slavonic decorations, the pictures of Christ, the Virgin and Saints, which, gloomily, full of reproach, looked on at the unusual preparations made for the reception of an intruder who forced himself upon them with such scant courtesy. The picture of Christ, as well as all the other paintings, was hacked and scratched and desecrated in every possible manner by the soldiery! One of the eyes of the figure remained untouched, and seemed to pass judgment on the scenes around Him...

The day was closing; many of the older Generals waited for an opportunity of gaining audience of the Emperor; but, without a summons they did not dare intrude. A number of important documents lying on the table awaited his inspection, and yet Napoleon sat immovable, buried in deep thought, holding in a convulsive grasp the report brought from Paris.

"I am no longer wanted in France!" he pondered. "Good, let them elect another, we shall see if he can manage better."

And how had it come to this!

What had become of Alexander? What had rendered this good-natured man so bitter? It is true that Narbon had already told him in Dresden, after his return from Wilna, that the Tsar, who was neither weak nor boastful, was not to be moved from

any resolution upon which he had determined; but still it was difficult to explain the hatred expressed in all Alexander's proclamations and manifestos.

Even at the very beginning of the campaign they had to conceal those Russian manifestos from the army, charged as they were with the most deliberate and venomous insults against the person of the Emperor. The soldiers had to be deceived, and the Russian army represented to them as demoralized, ready at any moment to take to flight. They had to be amused with the tale that the Emperor of Russia would soon be murdered by his dissatisfied subjects, and with the rumor that he was coming as a fugitive, begging the Senate for aid and pardon for his flight. In the meanwhile Napoleon himself would have given much to be able to enter into immediate and direct relations with this fugitive. How bitterly he now repented that he had so contemptuously rejected Alexander's last efforts to preserve the peace—the sending of General Balascheff as delegate, the importance of which he had not grasped. This was evidently Alexander's last word of peace and friendship before the opening of this most deadly struggle. Thereafter the Russian Emperor had not only imposed silence upon himself, refusing to make any advances, but he would not even vouchsafe a reply.

As Napoleon could not make the first overtures in person, he had endeavored to open up negotiations through Berthier, who wrote to Barclay de Tolly: "The Emperor has commissioned me to beg you to communicate the expression of his highest regard to the Emperor Alexander. Tell him that neither the vicissitudes of war, nor anything else, can ever impair the sentiments of personal friendship which he feels for him." He then remembered how he had again tempted his fortune in Moscow, when he ordered the unfortunate Tutolmin to appear before him, and the poor old man had lost his reason through terror. Napoleon had made use of much logic to convince this official that a peace could easily be concluded if no intriguers came between him and Alexander, and this he begged him specially to hint at in his report. The old man promised everything possible and impossible in order to escape speedily from the outbursts of Imperial rage, which, against Napoleon's will, were manifest during the interview.

Still more unpleasant was the recollection of his attempt to force an embassy of peace on Jakowleff, a Russian nobleman seized while trying to escape from Moscow. For two hours he explained his views and intentions to this strange person, whom his soldiers had plundered, and who presented himself before Napoleon in the dress of his valet. This improvised ambassador had certainly pledged his word to deliver the letter in person to

the Tsar, though he made promises which he could not fulfil, impelled thereto by fear and by the hope of obtaining his liberty.

Ah! what a pity! Napoleon felt that his arguments were powerful, that had they but come to Alexander's ears he would certainly have admitted their force. "If Alexander will only express a wish to arrange terms," he said, "I am ready to listen to him; I will sign peace in Moscow, as I have signed it in Vienna and in Berlin. . . . I did not come here to remain. It was not necessary for me to come here, and I should not have come had I not been compelled. The field of battle, on which the war was to be decided, was in Lithuania; why has it to be carried into the very heart of the country. If a single word had been uttered by Alexander, I should have halted at the gates of Moscow, bivouacked my army, without even entering the suburbs, and declared Moscow to be a free city! I waited several hours for his word, and must openly admit that I desired it. The first advance of Alexander's part would have proved to me that in the depths of his heart there still lay some affection for me. I should have prized it, and peace would have been concluded between us without any intermediary. He need only have said, as in Tilsit, that he had been, as far as I was concerned, greatly deceived by others, and all would have been immediately forgotten!"

Was it possible that such generous words and intentions could find no echo in Alexander's heart! Yet he had received no answer to the letter sent through Jakowleff, and he now found the recollections of these letters, and all of these outbursts before men of no position, with no pretense to such intimacy, very bitter.

And again his former intimacy with Alexander recurred to his memory. He saw the figure of this young enthusiast as he had known him in Tilsit: they had sworn friendship, and endeavored to surpass each other in complaisance. Alexander submitted willingly to Napoleon's superiority of mind, experience, and genius, and loudly declared that the "friendship of a great man was a gift of the gods." Had anything happened since then that could not be set right by mutual concessions and treaties! What had induced him to enter upon this war against the advice of his best friends, against the voice of his own conscience, and against the interests of France, which, according to his own candid opinion, was not in a fit state to carry on at the same time two such undertakings as the Spanish and Russian campaigns!

In vain did he seek for some vital interest of State which would have rendered it politic to throw the sword into the balance. In his own remembrance there only existed two grounds. The one was far distant, the almost forgotten insult which had been

offered to him when, as a First-Lieutenant, he had been refused admission into the Russian service. Vainly had he sought to prove to the Commander of the Russian Mediterranean expedition that, as a Captain in the National Guard, he was entitled to expect the rank of Major in the newly-formed Russian army. His request was refused—so much the worse for the Russians. The second was an insult of a more recent date, a deadly, personal insult, the rejection of his suit. The hand of Princess Anna had been refused to him, Napoleon, and, as if purposely, bestowed soon afterwards on a petty German Prince! Refused to him, who was ready to make all political and family concessions, who had explicitly declared that even the difference in belief would prove no obstacle! No suitable reply was returned; either an immediate agreement with his wishes, or a refusal, and he insisted on an answer within forty-eight hours! How could he act otherwise? He could not play at being lovesick, nor pay court to the Princess, nor could he be expected to beg the acceptance of his suit as an alms. That would be unworthy of him, not only as a man, but also as Emperor of the French, as a ruler of the West. He showed foresight only in his demand for an immediate answer, for, instead of a definite reply, matters dragged on until finally it became clear to him that either Alexander did not desire the marriage, or was not the head of his own family. Then, in society, people began to whisper and smile—this was a terrible humiliation.

Was this, then, in truth the direct and immediate cause of the war! Would these inhuman butcheries have been avoided had Anna been his wife and settled down in the Tuilleries! Did he allow self-love and pride to obtain so great a mastery over him!

And to these questions his conscience answered Yes! Yes!

Had he no other cause of complaint? No.

Did there exist between the two countries any irreconcilable differences, any misunderstandings admitting of no solution? No! The non-observance of certain articles in treaties, the question of English goods, together with his violent polemics with Alexander, were but mere pretences

These reflections were indeed terrible!

A noise at the door of the church made him start up and collect himself. Berthier, bearing dispatches, entered unannounced, again running the risk of insult from his master, unhinged by the effect of these mortifying recollections. But, contrary to all expectations, Napoleon greeted the Chief of the Staff most amiably. He was glad of company, to be free from his terrible mental sufferings and qualms of conscience.

23

A Sea of Fire

H. 22 in., W. 29 in.

On the Red Square (in front of the Kremlin) the guard house and several smaller constructions were burning. Zamoskvoretchié, on the other side of the river, was a sea of flame; the sight was extraordinary: for four times twenty-four hours the nights were as bright as day. The streets on fire were covered with long canopies of flame: fourteen thousand houses were burned to ashes...

24

Peace at any Price!

H. 35½ in., W. 41½ in.

"I wish for peace, I must have peace without fail! Only save my honor!" were Napoleon's instruction to General Lauriston, when sending him to the Russian camp. Kutusoff and the headquarters deceived the French General with assurances of the desire for peace among the whole Russian army, which gave occasion for Napoleon to say to his Marshals and Generals, who were summoned to hear this joyful news: "I alone knew the character of the Russians and their Emperor — on the day that my letter arrives in St. Petersburg, the town will be illuminated!"

25

Before Moscow: Awaiting the Deputation of the Boyars

H. 52 in., W. 41½ in.

The battle being won at Borodino, more properly, the Russian army being thrown out of the way, fatigued

and still ill, Napoleon went towards Moscow in a carriage, but he rode on horseback the last section, advancing with prudence, reconnoitering with the cavalry surrounding hedges, ravines and crossroads. Another battle was looked for. Very often they encountered earthworks commenced in haste and abandoned. Nowhere was the least resistance made. There remained to be crossed the last hill, called "The Hill of Salutation," because from its summit one sees the sacred city, and before entering it, the Russian pilgrims there perform their first devotions. The sun illuminated the roofs and the golden cupolas of the immense city.

It was 2 o'clock in the afternoon when the French advance guard showed itself on the hills, and before this magnificent panorama they raised a joyful shout of "Moscow, Moscow!" Behind them the soldiers rushed forward in disorder, and the whole army repeated "Moscow, Moscow!" with the same enthusiasm with which sailors fatigued by a long and trying sea voyage cry out "Land, Land!" Napoleon stopped, filled with emotion and delight, and could not repress an exclamation of joy. The Generals, whose attitude since Borodino had been somewhat cold, forgot their resentment and came near to the Emperor; the marvelous city was their captive at their feet. Carried away by such complete success, full of hope at the news which was circulating of the arrival of a Russian envoy, they forgot their discontent and saluted once more the star of the Emperor, which shortly before they had supposed obscured. Napoleon himself could not help crying: "Here it is, the famous city; it was time!" Soon, however, the warrior showed signs of great uneasiness. No keys were surrendered with due respect to his rank, nor was he met with the accustomed prayers of the citizens for clemency and mercy such as he was wont to receive in the other capitals of Europe. His impatience was accentuated by the fact that an hour previous he had ordered his General, Count Durosnel, to push on to Moscow to organize the

demonstrations. He did not know the Moscovites had abandoned the city. Not only the officials but the inhabitants had fled in a mass, so that his conquest was empty. No one dared to tell him. When at last he became aware of the facts, he could not believe this total abandonment of the city, and still hoped that a deputation of some kind would appear and relieve him from the awkward situation in which he was placed in the eyes of his army, all Europe and himself. They gathered together in haste a few foreign dealers, added a few of the lower classes, and presented them to Napoleon. The state of the poor wretches was pitiable. They were far from thinking of welcoming the conqueror. They had eyes only for his face and for the splendor of his staff. It was necessary to leave to another occasion the speech to the Boyars with all the grandiloquent expressions prepared for the occasion, whose echo was to resound throughout the globe. When an unhappy French printer, as spokesman of this so-called deputation, had enough courage to mutter a few words, he had the gentle word "Imbecile" thrown at him by the Emperor.

A Russian prisoner, who was present at the scenes, testifies to the stupor of Napoleon at the news of the abandonment of Moscow. "He lost for an instant all consciousness. Then he became nervous and rubbed his nose, took off and put on his gloves, pulled out his handkerchief which he wrung between his hands, walked up and down with hasty footsteps, stopped all of a sudden, and alone appeared much agitated in the midst of his Generals, who remained like statues, not even daring to move."

Here then is the result of several months of a difficult campaign, mercilessly conducted, a farce from which he, the Emperor, turned away, lest he should add ridicule to his profound mistake. His hope of separating Alexander from his Boyars and opposing Moscow to St. Petersburg, vanished. He mounted his horse and departed at a gallop for a suburb of the city.

Captured

H. 59¼ in., W. 79¾ in.

Famine was not long in appearing after the departure from Moscow and made itself felt among the men and the horses, and as the country had been devastated all along the road during the advance, the army corps found itself obliged to provision itself by sending foragers afar and accompanying them not only by cavalry, but also by infantry, and often by artillery. The village of Simon Arkipovitch was empty all the week excepting on Sunday, when the peasants still met in their devastated churches. One of these Sundays, a watch, who was in the tower, sounded the warning bell at the moment the mayor and his people were coming out from service. They only had time to seize their arms, but they were already surrounded by a detachment of French Hussars. Semen, surprised, did not know whether he had fired off a shot or not in the melee. Completely dazed, a sharp pain brought him to consciousness as he felt his bones cracking while they fastened his hands behind his back with his own sash. One of those who were binding him had blood on his cheek. "I must have done that," thought Semen, "he is so anxious about me." The Frenchman was really enraged with the old man, and fastened his elbows together behind as if he were a horse in its collar, growling all the time, "Attends, mon vieux, tu vas voir."

Semen understood nothing, he had been too badly beaten, his bones ached, and his head was dazed. As if in a fog he saw, besides himself, three other peasants had been taken prisoners. The red-headed Fedka, the intrepid hunter of the French, dumb but angry; the indignant narrator of the profanations of Moscow, Grigory Tolcatchef, groaning as much now as he had talked before; and the lame Jerëmka, saddler, blacksmith and

armorer for the repairs of the pikes and sabres of his brothers-in-arms. Semen led the march, courageous as always. Fedka followed him closely, avoiding by his agility in walking and getting over obstacles, the blows of the sword or the butt end of the musket, freely bestowed upon the infirm Gerēmka, whom the soldiers encouraged to rouse himself by blows of feet and fist, the unhappy man leaving behind him on the snow a trail of blood. As for Grigory, in spite of his strength, he had been so severely beaten that he stumbled like a drunken man. So, tired of hauling him along, the soldiers consulted together, and one of them fired a gun into his ear. At the sound, Semen and his companions understood what was happening, but they did not dare even to turn their heads to give their comrade a farewell look. They marched this way for thirty or forty verstes. All of a sudden a stream of men accoutred in the most peculiar manner, with women's garments, legs wrapped up in rags, dirty faces, unshaven and swollen by the cold, seemed to drag themselves along, infantry, cavalry, all mixed up, in the midst of carts, wagons and sleds. This was on the main road from Moscow to Smolensk. By the side of the road, a group of better dressed men were warming themselves and talking near the fire. "Officers," thought Semen. Among them, with his back to the fire, was a short, fat man, with a fur hat and a green velvet overcoat, on which sparkled an order; he held with eagerness his hands towards the flames. . . "It is he," continued Semen, and as the escort stopped, with a military salute, he had a presentiment that he was in the presence of the great chief, and involuntarily he knelt down and was followed by the others. One of the soldiers was already off his horse and with his hand to his hat was making his report. At this moment fear overcame Semen. He bowed his head and commended himself in a fervent prayer to Christ, the Mother and the Saints. Fedka had also understood, but he only stared more fixedly at the little man, saying to himself, "What

assurance, a manikin, that one could crush like an insect on his nail." Napoleon turned towards the hussar a weared and indifferent face, and murmured, "Arms in their hands?" "Yes, sir." "All of them?" "Yes, sir." "Shot." That was all.

Semen came to himself and raised his head on being shaken and compelled to stand on his feet. All were excited; a carriage was driven up for the fat man; he got in, together with another General wearing the mantle of a Russian Cossack, and drove away; the others followed, some on horseback, some in carriages.

"It was really he, brothers," whispered Fedka, greatly impressed, but it was only for a short time. By means of halters passed round their bodies the prisoners were fastened to the trunks of willow trees, at the foot of one of which, while warming himself, the Emperor had pronounced their doom. A bullet in the head of each one terminated the partisans. Semen Arkipovitch and Jerëmka were dead, their heads falling on their breasts; it was necessary to dispatch Fedka.

The clothing of the victims became the property of the hussars: the fine Sunday caftan of the mayor fell to the wounded soldier. The rest divided the sheep skins of Fedka and Jerëmka. The fear of the stragglers did not permit even the aged companion of the pious and courageous mayor to look for and find the body of her husband.

27

Incendiaries

28

In the Kremlin: The Conflagration

H. 51 in., W. 41¾ in.

The conflagration at Moscow began during the night which followed the evacuation of the city by the Rus-

sians. When the emperor entered the Kremlin, the drug-stores, the oil shops, and the quarters of Zariadié and Baltschouk were already burned. The Bazaar of the Red Square was taking fire. Marshal Mortier, if he did not entirely stop the conflagration, at least by his efforts preserved the Kremlin, but the following days the flames extended themselves with such rapidity that the part of the town, Zamoskvoretchié, situated back of the river was enveloped.

"For four successive nights," says an eye-witness, "one could go without candles, because it was as light as day." A wind from the northeast blew the fire again towards the Kremlin, in which, as though on purpose, an artillery station had been established containing great quantities of powder. It is easy to understand what anxiety reigned in the palace.

The fire in the district behind the Moskwa, which lay straight in front of the palace, had all the appearance of a tempestuous sea of flame and produced an extraordinary impression. Napoleon could find no rest, he paced through the various rooms of the palace with mighty strides, his every movement betrayed extreme uneasiness. He endeavored to view the fire from the walls of the Kremlin, but the heat of the flames compelled him to return to his apartment; his face was red and covered with perspiration.

In his bulletin, Napoleon affirms that the preparation of the conflagration of Moscow should be credited to Rostopchin, but that is completely false. As half the people remaining in Moscow were composed of ragamuffins, it is not impossible that they undertook the task of propagating the fire, but there was no preconceived plan to burn the city. If on one side many Russians were of the opinion that it was better to burn their goods and chattels than to abandon them to the enemy, and so set fire themselves to their houses, on the other hand the French soldiers went about seeking for plunder with burning torches and pine-knots, setting fire to piles of

wood in the court-yards without taking the slightest precautionary measures. In such circumstances it is not surprising that three-fourths of the wooden-built town should take fire and burn. The terror of Napoleon at the sight of this gigantic conflagration must have been great. Having made great sacrifices to capture Moscow, with a desire to strike Russia to the heart, it was with death in his soul that he saw his prey escape him in smoke, and converted into piles of ruin about which the Russians themselves would henceforth concern themselves very little. The plunder of the city commenced with the first entry of the troops. The news that Moscow was full of treasure, which was being carried off on all sides, spread with lightning rapidity throughout the camp, and when the first marauders returned laden with rum, wines, cognac, sugar, coffee, etc., it became impossible to keep the soldiers in the ranks. The kettles were left without fire or cooks. Those that were sent to hunt up water and wood did not return. The sentries even left their posts. The booty was so rich that the officers themselves gave way to temptation.

It was above all the Germans of the Confederation of the Rhine and the Poles who showed themselves most grasping. They tore from the women their shawls and their silks, their dresses even. They took their ear-rings, rings and watches. The Bavarians and the Wurtembergers were the first to dig up the dead in the cemeteries in order to rob them. They broke the statues and vases of marble. It was a rage for destruction.

Napoleon decided to leave the palace, and he left by the same route by which he had entered. From the Stone Bridge he went to Arbat, lost his way, was nearly burned up and reached the village of Horoschevo with the greatest difficulty. He crossed the Moskowa on a pontoon bridge near the Waganka Cemetery and arrived in the evening at the Petrowsky Palace.

**Vive l'Empereur! Taking of the great Redoubt at
Borodino**

H. $64\frac{3}{4}$ in., W. $97\frac{1}{2}$ in.

The battle was still. The French cuirassiers ended by taking the great redoubt, the trenches filled with dead and wounded. Napoleon proceeding leisurely over the battle field appears in the distance on a white horse. The soldiers salute him. A wounded man who has just had his limb amputated seizes his cut-off foot and raising it in the air calls with all his strength, "Long live the Emperor!"

On the Great Road: The Retreat

H. $71\frac{1}{2}$ in., W. $119\frac{1}{2}$ in.

Napoleon made the first part of his retreat in an excellent carriage, perfectly appointed for work as well as for repose. The vehicle was lined with furs. After Smolensk he went more frequently on foot, clad in a long velvet coat lined with sable and ornamented with gold frogs. He wore a fur cap with ear-flaps, and fur lined boots. The cold was intense. The newly fallen snow concealed the condition of the Smolensk road: carts, ammunition wagons, arms, bodies of horses and men, were piled one on another on both sides of the road. The officers of the staff marched in close rank behind the Emperor, silent and discouraged. The smile had disappeared from the lips of even the most zealous courtier. Napoleon walked some paces in front leaning on a birchen stick, sombre but impenetrable. On the previous day he had an opportunity at Krasnoië of

reviewing what was left of the best army in the world. He must have been greatly troubled, for through the whole night his attendants heard him lamenting aloud, and commiserating the state of his soldiers in the most heartrendering terms.

From day to day the situation became more critical, the regiments melted away visibly and the men who remained under arms forgot all discipline. The personal prestige even of the Emperor was waning, and those on whose devotion he was still counting, as days went on manifested an indifference not far from hostility. On one occasion the Duke of Vincenzia was near one of the camp fires and wishing to use it for the Emperor, who was awaiting with his suite on the road, overheard such expressions by the soldiers that he advised the Emperor not to come near. Another time the wheels of a heavy cart passed over both legs of a wretched member of the Army Service Corps. Rolling about the snow in his agony, he called out to Napoleon, who was passing by, "Monster! You have been devouring us for ten years! Friends, he is mad, he is a cannibal! Avoid him, he will swallow us all!" Napoleon passed by, without appearing to hear this, while the dying and exasperated man continued to shower epithets upon him. Surely Napoleon's mental sufferings were greater than his physical discomforts. One can imagine how in sleepless nights as well as in long marches on the white plains of snow, there came to him most trying recollections.

He remembered how the French youth entered into this Russian campaign as if going to a picnic, to a joyial expedition of six months, promising promotion and decorations. They said to their acquaintance, "We are off to Moscow, we shall meet again soon!" They had no thought of hard work and danger.

Never before had such tremendous preparations for a war been made. For a long time before the war began, thousands of men of all professions — smiths, locksmiths, carpenters, masons, mechanics, clock-makers, had offered their services. Most of them were not even aware that all these preparations were directed against Russia. Indeed, public sympathy was inclined to side with Russia in her war against Turkey, and the general question was: against whom was this expedition to be launched? Was it

England, Prussia, Turkey, Persia, or even the West Indies? Tchernicheff's sudden departure gave some clue to the answer, but nothing certain was known; moreover, an army order forbade all discussion or mention of war.

The army was undoubtedly the finest that had ever been raised. Eleven corps of Infantry, four corps of heavy Cavalry and Guards; altogether 500,000 men with 1,200 guns awaited the command of the Emperor.

How terrible was the contrast between then and now. It seemed to Napoleon that it was only yesterday that he was in Dresden, where luxury, splendor and adulation had made him a fabulous Asiatic demi-god, showering diamonds upon all who approached him.

The Emperor of Austria had protested in the most submissive manner that he could always count on Austria to insure the complete triumph of the expedition; and the King of Prussia had assured him, with equal humility, of his undeviating attachment to his person and loyal support of his policy.

The King of all kings, he felt himself embarrassed by the attentions of the monarchs, who thronged his ante-chamber, and was compelled to hint, as delicately as might be, that he would rather dispense with so much adulation. All eyes were fastened on him with astonishment and admiration, in expectation of great events to come.

And these events had now taken place!

The campaign began gloriously. Every day was marked with some new success, and every officer who reported himself brought flattering tidings. Involuntarily he compared with intense self-reproach those gorgeously bedecked cavaliers, whose joy it was to serve under the greatest of all commanders, and who had unconditionally entrusted to him their lives and their honor, with the ragged fugitives, scarcely human, who with downcast looks were painfully dragging themselves along the roads lined with the corpses of their friends. No campaign had begun so successfully.

Experienced officers had even at that time remarked with alarm the great loss of men and horses that occurred from day to day. It was conceivable that they should succumb in this fearful retreat, but even in the advance, against an almost unresisting enemy, they had been worn out by the rays of the burning sun, and had fallen by thousands on the road from the combined effects of bad water and poor and insufficient food. So great were their losses that the full cadres of 2,800 men were reduced to 1,000 and even less. As to the other side both he and his most experienced officers were discouraged at the exemplary order in which the Russian army retired, under cover of the Cossacks, without leaving behind any wounded, carts or guns.

Napoleon was silent at that time, but he clearly recognized the faults in the organization of his army and its commissariat. The necessary system was lacking. The bridges and fords on the road were soon destroyed, but no one repaired them, and each *corps d'armée* forced its way through as it pleased, for the staff did not trouble itself about such trifles. No one took note of dangerous spots, of precipitous places. Stragglers were to be seen endeavoring to find their regiments; the orderlies could not carry out their orders, being continually stopped on the roads, which had become almost impassible. From the very beginning, discipline became dangerously lax, but success at that time covered a multitude of faults. Napoleon himself once burst out laughing, instead of appearing annoyed, at the report that the lately-appointed sub-prefect of Wilna had been plundered of his effects by the soldiers, and appeared at his new post with nothing on but his shirt. He was aware that the soldiers plundered and ill-treated the inhabitants, but in the hour of triumph he troubled himself little about this.

The *Grande Armée* was at that time still in magnificent condition and Napoleon well remembered the scene of his first entry into that part of Russia through which he was now retreating — a beautiful country, with a straight, broad road, planted with birch trees, the weapons of the advancing army glittering in the sunlight. He remembered his disappointment at the sight of the Dnieper, that celebrated ancient river of the East, which proved to be quite insignificant and not even picturesque. Then the Battle of Smolensk, with a French loss of 6,000 killed and 12,000 wounded and the terrible conflagration in the city. He can still see before him the burning town, with its streets full of wounded, the Russians setting fire to their own dwellings, and retiring in unbroken order, suggesting to him a possibility that the fate of Charles XII. may yet overtake him. He became aware that his army was already losing confidence. Where were now the jokes, the laughter? Even the officers appeared to be nervous, and did their duty impatiently. He called to mind how at Smolensk he himself was anxious and undecided, deaf to the prayers and entreaties of his most experienced advisers. Murat had fallen upon his knees, Berthier wept. He had not been true to himself, his theoretical plans were forgotten, he was urged forward by circumstances. How could it be otherwise? The Russian Calvary had caught Sebastian unawares and defeated him, the army could not be left with the impression of this misadventure.

The march was almost silent, one heard only the crackling of the snow under the feet of the officers of the suite and of the bodyguard, and, in the distance, the sub-

dued rumble of the retreating army. Steam from men and horses rose up in the still, windless atmosphere, the cold became more intense, and the Emperor's thoughts more and more gloomy. . .

Then he thought of the great battle before Moscow, with its fearful sacrifice of 40,000 to 50,000 men, and its indecisive result.

Was it not his own fault that this had been merely a great battle and not a great victory? Was not it the fault of his illness (*dysuria*) that the battle was not fought out? He had been unable to mount a horse, and was compelled to view the battlefield from a distance, the battlefield which looked like an ocean of smoke, with the din of musket and cannon, with the shouts of "Hurrah!" and "Vive l'Empereur!"

These vexations and obtrusive thoughts excited the Emperor to such an extent that he hastened onward and began striking out with his stick.

Again the battle rises before his mind's eye, the Marshals begging him for reinforcements to strike a decisive blow, and his determination to bring up his last reserve, to lead his Guard in person into the fight. This would break the last stand of the Russians, who still held the positions into which they had been driven, but which were becoming untenable. Soon the bloodiest battle in history would end in victory, the army of the enemy would be scattered, and Alexander be compelled to beg for peace. But now Marshal Bessi  res approaches him and whispers, "Do not forget, Sire, that you are 800 miles from your base of operations."

The excitement of this recollection causes the Emperor suddenly to stand still, his suite also came to an abrupt halt, causing many comical scenes, collisions among the Generals, cries and curses among the grooms of the suite and private soldiers. Napoleon turns round, looks back, and in so doing his eye falls involuntarily upon Marshal Bessi  res — then marches on again.

The deed was done; and the battle before Moscow is marked down as the most sanguinary but least decisive battle in history. As a matter of fact, Bessi  res had been in the right. If, in this terrible retreat, all the troops do not cast away their guns, if some show of order is maintained, if the Guard still retains in a certain degree the former spirit and discipline of the army, thanks are due to him, for it is owing to him that at Moskowa the Guard were spared, and that their ardour was not damped by the losses

to which the rest of the army was exposed. What would have happened if this column of thousands of picked soldiers had dwindled to some hundreds, without courage or energy, wholly demoralized? Utter destruction would have been inevitable.

Horses are lost by the thousands, the Calvary marches on foot, the guns are abandoned, the ditches on both sides of the road are filled with men and horses. The Parthian Calvary were less bold than the Cossacks, the burning plains of Bactria less deadly than the snowfields of Russia, but the fate of both armies, Roman and French, was in every way similar, both were destroyed. The trophies of the victory before Moscow were thrown into the rivers, together with part of the plundered treasure. All recognize that safety lies only in flight. Generals and officers are on the same footing as their soldiers—all are in rags, they have let their beards grow, are filthy, black with smoke, and covered with vermin. The army is but a hord of thieves and murderers, neither life nor property is safe; what remains to be stolen is stolen; comrades, as they fall, the weak, the sick, the dying, all are robbed. The road resembles a battlefield, a cemetery; the villages along the line of march are burned to the ground. . . .

It is incomprehensible how Napoleon could have remained so long in Moscow. He alone is responsible for this disgrace. The Eylau campaign had led him astray. After having experienced a Polish winter, he thought he could gauge the severity of the cold in Russia, but he deceived, cruelly deceived himself.

Darker and gloomier became his thoughts, ever more precarious his condition. Around him crackles the frost! France! Paris! How very distant they are!

31

Napoleon on the Heights of Borodino (Moscow)

H. 39¾ in., W. 60 in.

The Emperor reconnoitered in person the Russian positions at Borodino, and examined the future field of battle for a long time, from the steeple of the Monastery of Kolotsky. A glance at the Russian lines sufficed to show him that Kutusoff had committed an error by fortifying his right flank and neglecting his left. He noticed

that the river of Kolotcha turned suddenly to the right and concluded that the banks must be very steep hills — therefore, there was nothing to be done on that side. On the contrary, the left bank of the river was visibly lower and the Emperor at once formed his plans. The viceroy was to make an attack on the large fortification, make a demonstration in front of Borodino and the right wing of Kutusoff, Poniatowski was to turn the extreme left, while Ney and Davout were to seize the bastions of Semenovskoï and, wheeling quickly to the left, drive Kutusoff back, and hurl him and the remains of his army into the Kolotcha. The plan was well conceived, but General Bagration's more than average skill and the extreme tenacity of the Russian soldier rendered it of no avail.

Happily for the Russians, Napoleon refused to approve of the plan of Marshal Davout, who wished to turn with 40,000 men by the old road to Moscow, the enemy's position, spend the night in carrying redoubt after redoubt by assault, demolish them all, and by seven o'clock in the morning, crush, disperse or take the Russian forces by attacking from the rear. When we consider the mistake of Kutusoff, who massed his principal forces on the right, far from the march projected by the Marshal, we may admit that the Russians would have been completely conquered; but Napoleon did not accept the plan made by his great tactician because it seemed to him audacious, as he said — because of professional jealousy, one might add. Altogether the Emperor in attacking the Russians from the front gave to Kutusoff time to see his mistake and to correct it even under the fire of the enemy.

He saw his mistake, and during the battle, in the midst of a terrible fire, managed to wheel his men from right to left, where they gave Ney and Davout so much trouble that these Marshals were unable to push sufficiently far forward. Poniatowski, with his Polish regiments, only managed to force Touthkoff back slightly from his position at Outitza, and thus Napoleon's calculations fell.

The French army at Borodino numbered between 160,000 and 170,000 men.* It had occupied two days before the redoubt of Schewardino, which, after having changed hands several times during the day, finally remained in the possession of the French.†

On the day following the capture of the redoubt no battle took place. It seemed as if both sides had agreed that everything should be decided to-morrow; why, therefore, a useless skirmish? All the time preparations were made, arms, ammunition and uniforms being carefully examined.

On the French side there was profound silence, broken occasionally by shouts of "Vive l'Empereur." The Guard was filled with enthusiasm at the sight of the portrait of the King of Rome, which, having arrived from Paris, was exposed outside the Emperor's tent. A little more excitement prevailed on the side of the Russians, where all the army was under arms: the miraculous ikon of the Holy Virgin of Smolensk, escorted by Kutusoff and all his staff was carried between the ranks of the soldiers, who knelt down, praying, weeping and preparing for death.

"This will be a hard day," said Napoleon to one of his immediate suite, "the battle will be terrible!" On the night preceding the general attack, he was seized with fear lest the Russian army should again evade him, taking advantage of the darkness. This fear disturbed his sleep. He continually called to his attendants, inquiring whether any noise was heard, and sending out scouts to

* As at the crossing of the Niemen the army numbered 400,000 men, what had then become of the 230,000 who were missing, according to the statement in the XVIIIth Bulletin? Whence also came the Russian regiments, which, according to those Bulletins, were killed, wounded or wiped out during the previous seventy days?

† It may here be stated that, after this success, Napoleon asked why he did not see any prisoners. The answer he received must have made him ponder over the gravity of the situation: "Sire, they all died rather than surrender."

note whether the enemy still occupied the same position. At last, at five o'clock, an officer sent by Ney requested permission for the Marshal to begin the attack. And then began the battle, the most sanguinary ever fought since the invention of gunpowder.

Napoleon's point of observation was the best that could have been chosen. The whole field of battle lay before him. It was in front and slightly to the left of the redoubt taken on the 5th, on the borders of a ravine. A numerous suite attended him, motionless, full of anxiety. The determination of both armies was so great that but few prisoners were taken, the trophies also were insignificant. There was nothing but fighting, fighting, fighting. It is admitted that the losses on both sides exceeded 100,000 men in killed and wounded. In view, however, of the official statement that more than 56,000 bodies were buried on the field at Borodino,* it is probable that nearly 150,000 men were placed *hors du combat* in this single battle. According to his usual custom of greatly exaggerating his successes, Napoleon announced his victory as decisive, and stated that 50,000 Russians had been killed or wounded, whilst he himself had lost only 10,000 men. The truth is, according to the most credible authorities, that the French losses were enormous, more than 60,000 men having been either killed or wounded, including forty-three generals and an enormous number of officers. Whole regiments were swept away, and the cavalry completely destroyed, without any important results being obtained. Although the enemy was driven back, he took up a new position, where he awaited the French until a late hour at night, and it was only on the following day that he left in good order, taking away his guns and baggage.

In order to turn this orderly retirement into a flight, it would have been necessary to attack the Russian army again and again, a course which Napoleon, terrified by his immense losses, was unwilling to adopt. He was

* 32,000 horses.

implored to allow the Guard to advance, as a decisive blow; but he refused, remarking, impatiently, "If I have to fight another battle under the walls of Moscow, where shall I find the troops?" The French army unaware, of course, that he was ill, commented severely upon his resolution.

In his order for the day, the Emperor had declared that he would remain on the redoubt of Schewardino, taken the night before, but he passed the day on a hill near by, a little to the left. From time to time he tried to walk, but his illness would overcome him and force him to resume his chair, there to rest in a fatigued condition with much suffering.

"I recapitulated what I had already seen during the day," says Baron Lejeune in his "*Souvenirs of an Officer of the Empire*," and, comparing this battle with Wagram, Eylau, and Friedland, I was very much astonished not to have seen the Emperor, as in preceding years, display that activity which commands success. On that day he only mounted his horse to ride on to the field of battle. Then he sat down below the Guard on a hillock where he could see everything. Several cannon balls passed over his head. When I returned from my gallops I always found him in the same attitude, watching, through a pocket glass, all the movements, and giving his orders with an imperturbable calmness. But we had not had the joy of seeing him, as on other occasions, electrify by his presence the troops engaged at those points where a vigorous resistance rendered success doubtful. We were all astonished not to find him the alert leader of Marengo, Austerlitz, etc. We did not know that Napoleon was suffering, and that his illness prevented him from taking part in the great doings that were enacted under his very eyes, and solely for his glory. Nothing could exceed the courage displayed on that day by both sides. The blood of 80,000 Russians and French was shed, either to confirm or shake the power of Napoleon, and he watched the sanguinary catastrophes of this terrible tragedy with

an appearance of composure." "Napoleon had dismounted," relates the Marquis de Chambray, "Berthier was near him. He wore the uniform of the Rifles of the Guard. He remained from the beginning of the battle in the same spot, or walking up and down with Berthier. Behind him was the infantry of the Old Guard, in front, and a little to the left, the other regiments of the Guard. He was seen to remain apathetic during almost the entire battle, in a spot too distant from the field to be able to distinguish the operations with his own eyes, and whence his orders came often too late. In moments of the greatest importance he showed a marked want of resolution, in a word, he was not on a level with his reputation, nor did his usual luck attend him. I must, however, add that he was suffering from a very heavy cold." De la Flûse tells us that during the whole of the battle Napoleon did not appear on horseback, owing to illness. He wore his grey overcoat, and spoke little. A group of officers of his suite was to be seen just behind him. The action could not be followed, owing to the dense smoke from thousands of guns that covered the horizon.

"One saw him nearly all this day," says Ségur, "seated or walking slowly in front of and a little to the left of the conquered redoubt on the borders of a ravine far from the battle, which he had dimly seen since it passed beyond the heights. He made only a few gestures in a resigned manner, when from time to time they came to let him know of the loss of his best generals. He got up several times, took a few steps and reseated himself. All those around him looked at him with astonishment. Up to this time, under great shocks they had seen a calm activity, but here it was a heavy calm or lassitude with no activity.

On that day his composure indicated lack of energy rather than self-possession. He remained in the same place, with an air of suffering and depression; his appearance was dejected, his look gloomy. He gave his orders in a languid manner, in the midst of this horrible din of war, which now seemed almost strange to him...

Murat remembered having seen the Emperor, reconnoitering the enemy's lines on the previous day, stopping several times, dismounting and leaning his head on a gun in an attitude of great suffering. The king knew that in this critical moment the power of Napoleon's genius was chained down by a body worn out under the triple load of fatigue, fever, and of that malady which, above all others, breaks down the physical and moral strength of man..."

Ségur finishes his account of the events of this important day with the following remarks: "When he returned to his tent he was the victim of great mental suffering as well as physical depression. He had seen the field of battle; the scene spoke in louder tones than man. The victory so eagerly longed for, so dearly bought, was incomplete. The losses were immense, and without proportionate result. Every man around him mourned the loss of some friend, relation, brother, for the lot of war had fallen on those of most importance. Forty-three Generals had been killed or wounded. What weeping in Paris! What a triumph for his enemies! How dangerous might be the effect of the news in Germany! In his army, even in his tent, there is no sound of congratulation on his victory. All is silence and gloom. He was pleased to tell Europe that neither he nor his Guard had been exposed... Murat was heard to say that on that eventful day he had not recognized Napoleon's genius. The Viceroy admitted that he could not understand the cause of the want of decision shown by his adopted father! And when Ney's turn came to give his opinion, he showed a curious obstinacy in advising retreat..."

Those, however, who had not left his side alone saw that the conqueror of so many nations had himself been conquered by a burning fever, and above all by a return of that painful malady which any violent movement, or any strong or lasting emotion, was liable to provoke. They quoted his own words: "In war, health is indispensable, and nothing can replace it"; and his prophetic

saying on the field of Austerlitz: "There is but one time for war; I shall be good for another six years, after that even I must stop." He did not stop, and this was the result.

32

An old Steward

H. 18½ in., W. 12½ in.

An old Steward, who is relating with great humor how he succeeded in buying himself free from serfdom by cheating his master.

33

**Jolly good Fellows: Russian Men's Costumes of the
XVII. Century**

H. 24 in., W. 18 in.

34

The Road at Inkerman

H. 30 in., W. 16. in.

On this rock was played the last act of the drama of the battle of Inkerman. A part of the Russian army, infantry as well as cavalry, hotly pursued by the allies, in terrible disorder, were hurled down from this place.

A small chapel, erected at the foot of the rock, contains the bones of those who fell.

35

In the Crimea

36

The Temple of Diana on the Cape, in the morning
— as it might have been 3,000 years ago

H. $17\frac{3}{4}$ in., W. $23\frac{3}{4}$ in.

37

The Monastery of St. George, late evening

H. 16 in., W. $29\frac{3}{4}$ in.

About the year 60 A. D. the apostle Andrew, the first-called (brother of the apostle Peter), came to preach in Taurica, especially in the temple of the goddess Diana, and it may be supposed that a cave church was made here, serving as a foundation for the monastery of St. George in the ninth century. St. Clement, the Pope of Rome, sent by the emperor Trojan to forced labor in the stone quarries of Inkerman, found as many as 2,000 Christians in these parts. When he was drowned for his preaching, together with many other zealous followers of the new religion, the spread of Christianity was delayed somewhat. However in the fourth century there were already regularly appointed bishop-missionaries here, of whom Basil was concealed in the cave church already mentioned, before being tortured and delivered up to death. The Russians, sailing here in boats, robbed and killed not a few, and committed every kind of outrage, till their famous invasion under the leadership of Vladimir, ending in the taking of the Chersonese; the cave church had become then the monastery of St. George, having, in this manner, an existence of over 1,000 years.

38

In the Crimea

39

The Rock of St. George

H. $12\frac{1}{4}$ in., W. $15\frac{3}{4}$ in.

On which, according to tradition, a thousand years ago St. George the Victorious appeared to the drowning Greek sailors. After this miracle the monastery was founded.

40

In the Transvaal

To-day, to-morrow, as yesterday, . . . always the same!

41

Mount Kazbek, in the Caucasus

(16,500 ft.)

A tradition affirms that the Saviour of the world was born on this mountain, and that His cradle is preserved up to the present day in one of its gorges. Nevertheless all that have tried to discover the sacred spot have been struck with blindness. The last great avalanche of snow on the Kazbek filled the valley of the river Terek with snow, ice and stones to the height of 350 feet, for the distance of eleven and one-half miles.

The classical traditions says that Prometheus was attached to this rock.

42

Mount Elbrooss, in the Caucasus

(18,000 ft.)

The scene of many legends, the highest point in Europe, wilder than Mt. Kazbek.

43

The dry Channel of the River Jumna, India

A thick growth of reeds, frequented by wild boars, panthers and tigers.

44

The Snows of the Himalayas

The highest group of mountains in this colossal chain, raising its summits, covered with ice and snow, to the height of 27,000 to 29,000 ft.

VASSILI VERESTCHAGIN.

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